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ERRICK LECTURES 1906-7

THE MARKS OF A MAN

ROBERT ELLIOTT SPEER

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The Marks of a Man;

Or, The Essentials of Christian Character

BY

ROBERT ELLIOTT SPEER, M. A.

THE MERRICK LECTURES FOR 1906-7

Delivered at the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O., December 6-10, 1906

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS AND GRAHAM
NEW YORK: EATON AND MAINS

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THE MERRICK LECTURES

By the gift of the late Rev. Frederick Merrick, M. D., D. D., LL. D., for fifty-one years a member of the Faculty, and for thirteen of those years President of Ohio Wesleyan University, a fund was established providing an annual income for the purpose of securing lectures within the general field of Experimental and Practical Religion. The following courses have previously been given on this foundation:

Daniel Curry, D. D.—"Christian Education."

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INTRODUCTION

These lectures of Mr. Robert E. Speer make the eleventh course delivered on the Merrick foundation. The lectures of last year, entitled "The New Age and Its Creed," were critical, theological, comprehensive —giving a wide view of the character of our age and of the needed adaptation of religious thought and work to the changing, or already changed, conditions of the modern world.

The present course is direct, ethical, practical; a consideration of the fundamental and universal principles that apply to Christian life in all ages. The profound impression produced on the occasion of their delivery by their assertions, their arguments, and the intense personal force with which they are backed, justifies the expectation that a multitude will find in them, as many have already found, a mighty impulse to higher living.

They present, to quote the words of a resolution presented at their close by leading citizens of the town, "a working-plan of life, set forth with clearness, with practicalness, and with convincing passion and power." The ideal of character which they exalt

is like some snowy mountain, lofty, pure, and wonderfully beautiful. Because man has something within him of the divine nature, his heart longs to reach the summit which thus breaks upon his vision. The mountain seems (those who have dwelt at the foot of great peaks will understand what this means) to follow even him who wanders far out upon the plains, hovers above him like a speaking friend, and draws him irresistibly to its glorious heights. That the feet can be strengthened for the arduous climb, none will doubt who know the power of Jesus Christ.

Herbert Welch.

Ohio Wesleyan University.

PREFACE

I PROPOSE to speak in these lectures of some of the essentials of Christian character, of the marks of a man. It is of qualities of character that I intend to speak, not of how these qualities are to be acquired. And yet I wish to say a word on that point at the outset to avoid any misunderstanding. I assume the Christian position—that we are agreed as to the relation of Christ to Christian character. Surely this can be assumed here in this place, and we can go on to ask ourselves whether our Christian character is the kind it ought to be. But if this were not to be assumed, something would need to be said at length in beginning these lectures on a point which is very much obscured in the thinking of our day.

We are told by many voices that the matter of creed has been overdone, and that the great gospel for our day is not creed but character. It does not matter what men think, it only matters what they are. Now, this is very superficial talk. So men believe in character but not in creed. Well, what kind of character do they believe in? Character does not define itself or its ideals. The Mohammedan believes

in character and his man of right character may have four legal wives and divorce them at his own pleasure, and as many slave girls and concubines as he wishes, and he can send these away without divorce. Among ourselves one man is satisfied with a character that allows the defrauding of widows or the acceptance of graft. Another condemns this but arranges for rebates. One student cheats in examinations, and another thinks that certain vices are necessary and venial. What kind of character does a man believe in? The moment he begins to answer he formulates a creed.

And just as character can not erect its own standards, it has no self-creative power. I can not lift my body up to the table by my boot-straps, and I can not lift my life by my will into a perfect character. No man ever got out of his will more than he found there. When a man finds that in his will there is no power of a holy life, how is he to accomplish holiness by that will? Character can neither create its own ideals of perfection nor realize them when once they are given to it.

And character has no self-corrective power. Character deteriorates, as everything else deteriorates, unless it is fed from living external springs. The best character is in constant need of checks from without lest it run to excess, and of stimulus from without lest it lag by the way.

When men say that they believe in character and that "it does not matter what men think, it only matters what men are," we answer that even so much

truth involves postulates and intellectual necessities which run beyond character. We might, to be sure, answer their folly after its kind. If they think that it does not matter what men think, then what does it matter to us what they think? Why are they so anxious to prove to us that they think right?

Of course it matters what men think. What we think about God and man, about duty and truth, above all, what we think about Jesus Christ in whom these problems are focussed for us,—these thoughts of ours are the only things that do matter. They are all that interested Christ. The Pharisees were the best people of His day, but their performances did not particularly interest Christ. He wanted to know what they thought. From within, out of the heart sprang the determining stream. And His supreme concern was to get men to think right about Him. That was His great question, "What do you think of ME?" Our answer to that question determines character for us.

I assume that we assent to this, that we know that we can not make ourselves the kind of men we ought to be, and that we believe that Christ must reproduce His own image in us. But what will the lineaments of that image be in us, in contact with the problems of our life and our times? What are the fundamental ethical traits of Christian character for us? That is the question which we are to attempt to answer. I shall venture to speak very informally and colloquially.

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TRUTH

No Lie in Character Ever Justifiable

I do not mean to diminish the blame of the injurious and malicious sin, of the selfish and deliberate falsity; yet it seems to me, that the shortest way to check the darker forms of deceit is to set more scrupulous watch against those which have mingled, unregarded and unchastised, with the current of our life. Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside: they may be light and accidental; but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that: and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without over care as to which is largest or blackest. Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit. To speak and act truth with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation and penalty; and it is a strange thought how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold to it at the cost of fortune or life, for one who would hold to it at the cost of a little daily trouble. And seeing that of all sin there is, perhaps, none more flatly opposite to the Almighty, none more "wanting the good of virtue and of being," than this of lying, it is surely a strange insolence to fall into the foulness of it.—Ruskin, "*Seven Lamps of Architecture.*"

I

TRUTH

I HAVE spoken of the ethical fundamentals of Christian character, but in reality there is but one, and that is truth. All the others are only outgrowths or applications of the central and bottommost quality of absolute veracity, that is, a veracity which allows no qualification or exception of any kind or under any circumstances. These explanations are necessary because they raise the whole issue. Many people believe in truth who do not believe in it at all. They agree that the truth is sacred and that no quality is more vital, but they destroy the moral value of their acknowledgment for purposes of absolute character by allowing exceptions of one kind or another which demolish the inviolateness of the truth and prevent our building it as the unassailable and indestructible rock into the foundation of character. Indeed most people seem to be ready to deny the inviolable sacredness of truth. I have been astonished in speaking of the matter in and out of our colleges to discover that the doctrine of the uncompromisable rigidity of the truth is widely repudiated. Men are ready at once to dispute it in support of the contrary view that the claims of the truth are only relative and that often

they may be annulled and falsehood substituted in its stead. The principle which is at stake here seems to be vital. There can be no solid and impregnable character that does not rest on solid and impregnable foundations and there are no such foundations if truth can be tampered with and replaced with a lie whenever in the judgment of the liar the circumstances and issues make a lie justifiable.

My own perception of the fundamental significance of the problem involved was due to the late Dr. Trumbull. In three books Dr. Trumbull made three great contributions to the thought of our day. His *Friendship, the Master Passion* is the noblest book we have on love. In *The Blood Covenant* he opened up a new biological conception of the atonement which meets the demand of the modern mind and at the same time does fuller justice to the evangelical conviction than the old theories of the atonement have done. But of all his score or more of volumes he himself would probably have singled out *A Lie Never Justifiable* as the book which had most of his life blood in it and which set forth his deepest belief in regard to the right principle of Christian character. He hated with all his intense soldier soul all liars and every lie and he held and taught that the vital and fundamental thing is the truth and that nothing can ever justify its surrender or betrayal. I am going to set forth here in part what I learned from him.

How a man stands on this matter is the central

question of character. We do not care greatly for the creed of any man whose conception of truth is so capricious and insecure that he is willing, when the price seems to him sufficient, to betray it. "Will the man lie?", that is the ultimate question. If he will, then what is there about the man that is absolutely dependable? Does his philosophy regard the duty of truth telling and truth doing and truth being as a contingent duty, sometimes dissolved by the comfort or profit or greater ease of falsehood of word or act or character If it does, then whence is solidity, rigid consistency, without which there can be no highest character, to be derived?

To make the issue which I wish to press at the outset as sharp as possible, let us narrow the whole matter of truth in character for the moment to the matter of truth in speech. If we can establish there the principle that the essential thing is the recognition of the supreme duty of exceptionless truthfulness and of the unjustifiableness of any lie whatsoever, and that even where a lie is held to be justifiable it is wrong, we shall be in a position to go on to claim that deeds and thoughts and inward parts and all the character must be brought into obedience, without evasion or qualification or hedging of any sort, to the clean and inviolable truth.

Now the issue is not one of definition. The definitions are important but for our purpose we do not need to go into the question of what constitutes a lie, of what silences or utterances of truth by which

others deceive themselves are legitimate. All admit that to say to another that which is not true with intent to deceive is a lie. Is such a lie ever right? Is the assent to the principle that such a lie is ever right consistent with the highest character?

In all history and in all lands there have been those who answered "No" and "Never" to these questions. Among the Scandinavians it was taught in *The Saga of Fridthjof* that a lie even to protect a pure woman's name was ignoble. To that end and to secure his happiness Fridthjof was tempted to lie and scorned to do it.

> "Then echoed from the ring
> Of crowded warriors, 'Say but nay, say nay!
> Thy simple word we'll trust; we'll court for thee,
> Thou, Thorstein's son, art good as any king's.
> Say nay! Say nay! And thine is Ingeborg!'
> 'The happiness,' I answered, 'of my life
> On one word hangs; but fear not therefore, Helge,
> I would not lie to gain the joys of Valhal,
> Much less the earth's delight.'"

Among the Egyptians "truth was the main cardinal virtue" and "falsehood was considered disgraceful among them." When the soul appeared in the Hall of Two Truths for final judgment, it must be able to say, "I have not told a falsehood," or fail of acquittal. There were low practices and in consequence many liars and apologists for lies among the Greeks, but there were also teachers who saw the truth. "I will not stain speech with a lie" says Pindar. "The genuine lie," declared Plato, "is hated

by all gods and men." "That man has no fair glory," writes Theognis, "in whose heart dwells a lie or from whose lips it has once issued." Professor Lamberton, in commenting on the tragedy of *Philoctetes* by Sophocles, asserts that the plain teaching of the tragedy is that "the purposes of heaven are not to be served by a lie." And Aristotle seems to think that the greater the reason for telling a lie the more certain the true man will be not to tell it; "for the lover of truth," he says, "who is truthful when nothing is at stake, will yet more surely be truthful when there is a stake: for he will [then] shun the lie as shameful, since he shuns it simply because it is a lie." And the heathen peoples with all their lying and justification of lies, have had teachers who saw that they were wrong. The sacred books of Hinduism explicitly approve, as some Christian theologians have done, of lies when the liar thinks the circumstances warrant, but even among the Hindus there is also a higher conviction. They have a saying that "The sin of killing a Brahman is as great as that of killing one hundred cows, and the sin of killing one hundred cows is as great as that of killing a woman, and the sin of killing one hundred women is as great as that of killing a child in the womb, and the sin of killing one hundred children in the womb is as great as that of telling a lie."

When we turn from this ethnic notion to the doctrine of the Bible we are left in no doubt as to the shame and sin of all lies. The Old Testament law

was unequivocal. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "Keep thee far from a false matter." "Ye shall not steal, neither shall ye deal falsely, nor lie one to another." A lie found no place in the code of the Old Testament gentleman. The Psalms reveal that code. They declare that a gentleman can have no respect for liars. Three times in the 119th Psalm the writer breaks out intensely "I hate every false way." "I hate and abhor lying." The Proverbs indicate what the popular feeling was. It was a sincere contempt for liars, a high admiration for the faithful witness who could not be led to lie, a deep assurance that "a false witness shall not be unpunished and that he that uttereth lies shall perish" (Prov. vi, 17, 18; xiv, 5, 25; xix, 5, 9). And in one of the sublimest passages in the book, Agur, the son of Jakeh, prays:

> "Two things have I asked of thee;
> Deny me them not before I die:
> Remove far from me falsehood and lies:
> Give me neither poverty nor riches;
> Feed me with the food that is needful for me."

The prophets are fierce in their denunciation of those who have made lies their refuge (Isa. xxviii, 15, 17), or trusted in falsehood (Jer. xiii, 25), and they pronounce the flying curse of God against him that lies in the name of God, which would seem to mean against him that tells a "justifiable lie," and the curse of God, they declare, will abide in the liar's house and consume it even to the timber and stone

thereof (Zech. v, 1-4). If possible the New Testament is fiercer still. Our Lord denounced the devil as the fountain of lies. "The devil," said he, "was a murderer from the beginning and stood not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own; for he is a liar and the father thereof." The one terrible internal tragedy in the early Church was the merciless destruction of two liars. It was evident that with whatever else God would be patient, He would not be patient with lies and would not tolerate them in the Church. Paul would allow no trifling with the truth among the churches which he had founded, and he repeated the ancient injunction with fresh sanctions, "Lie not one to another, seeing that you have put off the old man with his doings." A lie would be a relapse into that old man. "Putting away falsehood speak ye truth each one with his neighbor, for ye are members one of another." Even the gentle John grows intense and stern on lies. "No lie," says he, not excepting our modern "justifiable" ones, "is of the truth." And the Bible ends with some terrible pictures of the exclusion from the city of God of the elements that can not possibly be incorporated into the life of that city. "There shall in no wise enter into it anything unclean, or he that maketh an abomination and a lie. . . . Without are the dogs and the sorcerers and the fornicators and the murderers and the idolaters and every one that loveth and maketh a lie."

So the heart of man and the Word of God agree that truth is always right and a lie is always wrong. But I wish to set the matter forth more fully and to show why a lie is never right and can never be right. If this can be done, we shall then realize vividly how indispensable truth is as the foundation of a right character.

The bottom principle in this matter is that God can not lie and that what God can not do He can not authorize man to do for Him. God can take life. He is doing it every day and because it is not morally inconsistent with His character to do so, men acting by God's will can take life also. But God can not lie. Paul declares unequivocally, "God can not lie," and the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says the same thing, "It is impossible for God to lie" (Heb. i, 2; vi, 18). If God could lie He would cease to be a godlike God to us. We can preserve our conception of Him only by believing Him to be the absolute truth. "Truth is," as Dr. Charles Hodge said, "so to speak, the very substratum of Deity. It is in such a sense the foundation of all the moral perfections of God, that without it they can not be conceived of as existing." No lie accordingly can be of God, for God can not lie. All lies are outside of God. Where they came from, the Son of God plainly declared. The father of them all, by what euphemisms they may be cloaked, is the devil.

And just as a lie is inconsistent with the charac-

ter of God, so is it inconsistent with the character of man, for that ought to be an utterance of the character of God. Nothing should be allowed in it except what is in the plan of God for it, and God who can not lie can not have provided a place for lies in the lives of men. Any man, accordingly, "who violates the truth sins against the very foundations of his moral being. As a false God is no God," says Dr. Hodge, "so a false man is no man; he can never answer the end of his being. There can lie in him nothing that is stable and trustworthy and good."

On any other basis than that of absolute truthfulness the very foundations of human confidence, of man's trust in man, are dissolved. The allowance of the principle of falsehood by the recognition of the justifiableness of any lie, as Dr. Thornwell said, "would obviously be the destruction of all confidence." You hold that a lie is sometimes justifiable. How can I know when you think it is? The circumstances may be such as to lead me to feel that at whatever cost or pain to you, you owe me the truth and you may think that they are such as to warrant you in lying to me. This transfers the moral foundations of society from solid principle to the utterly precarious and unreliable basis of individual caprice, and will often substitute falsehood springing from cowardice for the solid and unshifting and courageous truth.

And it is not only from human intercourse that the foundations disappear. They are dissolved be-

neath all knowledge of nature. All science rests on the axiom that there is an inviolable and sacred truth and that nature is veracious and will not lie, and that when we have got at the truth we have it and not something that may be equivocated and toyed with. All true scientists are seekers for the truth, who would scorn to deceive and who hold the truth to be absolute and supreme. Mr. Huxley is no model man, but his son describes some characteristics that ought to be felt to be model when he sets forth "that passion for veracity which was perhaps his strongest characteristic, an uncompromising passion for truth in thought, which would admit no particle of self-deception, no assertion beyond what could be verified; for truth in act, perfect straightforwardness and sincerity, with complete disregard of personal consequences for uttering unpalatable fact. Truthfulness in his eyes was the cardinal virtue, without which no stable society can exist. . . . The lie from interested motives was only more hateful to him than the lie from self-delusion or foggy thinking. . . . In his mind, no compromise was possible between truth and untruth." Leonard Huxley quotes also in his life of his father an extract from a journal of an acquaintance of his father, who writes of having dined with him at a family party. "Much lively discussion was carried on on the subjects of truth, education, and women's rights. Our hostess," says the journal, "Lady ———, was, if possible, more vehement and paradoxical than her wont, and

vigorously maintained that truth was no virtue in itself but must be inculcated for expediency's sake. The opposite view found a champion in Professor Huxley, who described himself as 'almost a fanatic for the sake of truth.' Lady ——— suggested that truth was often a very selfish virtue and that a man of noble and unselfish character might lie for the sake of a friend, to which some one replied that after a course of this unselfish lying the noble character was pretty sure to deteriorate, while the Professor laughingly suggested that the owner had a good chance of finding himself landed ultimately in Botany Bay. The celebrated instance of John Inglesant's perjury for the sake of Charles I. was then brought forward, and it was this which led Professor Huxley to say that in his judgment no one had the right passively to submit to a false accusation, and that 'moral suicide' was as blameworthy as physical suicide. 'He may refuse to commit another, but he ought not to allow himself to be believed worse than he actually is. It is a loss to the world of moral force which can not be afforded.' " What gave Mr. Huxley his enormous influence was this fanaticism for veracity. There can be no knowledge without it.

But the allowance of the legitimacy of untruth is not only fatal to knowledge, it is, as Huxley contended, anti-social. It disintegrates association and pollutes the organization of men into societies. This was Paul's view. He forbade falsehood and required absolute truth each man with his neighbor, on what

ground? Because "we are members one of another." I have argued that any untruth is immoral on personal grounds, but it is also illegitimate for social reasons. "Truthfulness," acknowledges one who yet is misled in this matter, "is owed to society as essential to its integrity. It is the indispensable bond of social life. . . . The liar is rightly regarded as an enemy of mankind. A lie is not an affront against the person to whom it is told, but an offense against humanity." All lies are treason to society.

And to advance but one other consideration, not only is a lie inconsistent with the character of God and with human integrity, destructive of the foundations of human confidence, of all knowledge and of organized society, but we could not conceive of Christ as lying. "How," asks Dr. Dorner, "shall ethics ever be brought to recommend the duty of lying, to recommend evil that good may come? The test for us is whether we could ever imagine Christ acting in this way." And all noblest men we could not longer deem noble, if we knew that they deemed the duty of truth only a relative duty and felt entitled to determine when they might indulge in a lie. The great heroes like Stonewall Jackson and Chinese Gordon made no place for lies or untruth of any sort in their ethical convictions. Jackson's biographer, Colonel Henderson, of the British army, speaks of "his rigid respect for truth," which "seemed to strengthen the impression that he was morbidly scrupulous. If he unintentionally made a misstatement—even about

some trifling matter—as soon as he discovered his mistake, he would lose no time and spare no trouble in hastening to correct it. 'Why in the name of reason,' he was asked, 'do you walk a mile in the rain for a perfectly unimportant thing?' 'Simply because I have discovered that it was a misstatement, and I could not sleep comfortably unless I put it right.'" "If you tell the truth," wrote Gordon to his sister, "you have infinite power *supporting* you; but if not, you have infinite power *against* you. The children of kings should be above all deceit, for they have a mighty and a jealous Protector. We go to other gods,—Baal, etc.,—when we lie; we rely on other than God. We may for a time seem to humbug men but not God. It is indeed worldly silliness to be deceitful. . . . O! be open in all your ways. It is a girdle around your loins, strengthening you in all your wayfarings." It is the fearless and exceptionless veracity of such men which gives them their power. To the men of acknowledged highest character no lie is justifiable. They do not gird their loins with deceit. In their inward parts is truth.

Now all this would seem to make out an unanswerable case for absolute veracity as the sacred and inviolable principle of character, and yet there are and have always been those who, while of course condemning falsehood and praising truth, yet argue that lies are sometimes justifiable, and thus qualify the value of the one fundamental and determining principle of life by subjecting it to the caprice and

liability of error of individual feeling and judgment. This is to open the possibility of substituting the sinuous for the straight in the government of life. "The more," says Gordon, "we act from principle and not from feelings, the straighter is our course."

It is not necessary here to trace the history of the debate over the question of the justifiableness of lies of necessity, so called; that is, lies which it is easier or seems more kind and helpful to tell than the truth, lies where falsehood is regarded by the liar as likely to accomplish more good than the truth. Dr. Trumbull's little book reviews the long discussion of the ages. So far as religions are concerned, while followers of all religions may be found on both sides of the question, the Christian religion stands on one side over against the non-Christian religions on the other. Christianity will tolerate no lies at all. Mohammed provided that to women, to save life and in war, lies are permissible, and Krishna, the Hindu god, in the *Mahabarata,* declares that five kinds of lies are sinless, those told in connection with marriage, lies for the gratification of lust, lies to save one's life and to protect one's property, and lies for the sake of a Brahmin. Those who believe that some lies are right are in good heathen company and they have a good category of sinless lies already established to which they can add their further specimens. If any one likes this company, well and good, or rather ill and bad. It is the kind of company which Jesus vigorously denounced as devilish.

But let us consider the matter temperately. When do men think that lies are justifiable? I once asked twenty-five boys a series of questions about a boy's intellectual and moral ideals. Some of the boys were such representative types as are found at the Hill School at Pottstown and the Hotchkiss School at Lakeville. Some were respectable boys of poor homes downtown in New York City. Some were little boys in well-to-do homes in a New York suburb. Poor and rich, good and bad boys were included. Among the questions asked were, "Do you think a lie is ever justifiable? If so, when? If not, why not?" Each boy wrote out his answers alone without suggestion and without the knowledge of the other boys. Ten boys answered the question as to whether a lie was ever warrantable, with a clean "No." One shirked the problem and one said, "I do n't know," and thirteen believed that on certain occasions a lie would be justified. The boys who answered in the negative gave such reasons as these: "A lie is never justifiable," said an eighteen-year-old boy, "because when one is told even on a trivial matter or as a joke or jolly, as it is said, it is very likely to lead to worse ones; and we know all great sins begin by some small sin in a passing matter, which grows and grows until it is more than we can conquer. All things begin from small matters and gradually take root until they are so deep that they can not be extracted." "This has troubled me," said another, "as I used to think that a lie was justifiable if

it kept pain from those we love. But I see that it is *not* justifiable, for the discovery of the lie would only bring more sorrow." "No," answered a third clear-souled boy, "because a lie is a lie and morally wrong in whatever way it is looked at." A fourth replied, "I think a lie is *never* justifiable, for as soon as one tells the slightest lie, if only in fun, it is just so much easier for him to tell another and worse one." "No, under no circumstances," said another, but added the confession, "I often find it hard to live up to my convictions." "I do not think it is ever justifiable to lie," another reasoned, "because if you get out of a thing in this world by lying, it is very temporarily, and it is a sin to lie and will have to be answered for again to God at the Judgment-day. If you think you can help some one else out of trouble by lying, or will put them in trouble by telling the truth, do n't answer anything or tell the truth and take the consequences; for the penalty will not be as hard to pay in this world, no matter what it is, as it will be in the next world." I shall cite but one other reply of those averse to lying. It is stated with a boy's candor. "No, a lie is never right, for you are always found out and you almost never feel half as well after it."

On the other hand, what do the boys say who think that there are circumstances which justify a lie? The views of boys in this matter will be a fair statement probably of the views of men, with less sophistication and confusion. "A lie is right," says

one boy, "only in a case where your life may depend upon it, or the lives of others." "Never," says a second, "unless in a case of life and death where the truth might kill an ill person, and when by telling the opposite [what makes the boy timid about saying frankly a "lie"?] the shock might be averted and kept until the person gets well." "Although I do n't believe in the principle that the end justifies the means," says a third, "yet I think there are times when a lie may do a great deal of good. Consider the implied lie or deceit of the good person in *Les Miserables,* after his guest had stolen his spoons or silver. In such a case a lie, it seems to me, would be all right." "Sometimes," says a fourth, "to shield a friend and undergo the penalty at one's own risk." A fifth looks at the matter in the same way. Unselfishness warrants falsehood, he thinks. "I do not think it is right to lie in behalf of one's self, but I am afraid I should lie if I could save a comrade from severe trouble." A sixth says, "Yes, I do [think a lie justifiable] when if you tell the truth you compromise some one near or dear to you, or a schoolmate." "Yes," says another and explains, "If one person was very sick in a family and another member of the family died, if the sick person should ask if the other had died, I think that any one would be justified in saying, No!" The other boys answered: "In war." "Not under ordinary circumstances. If you can save some one else and not commit yourself it is right." This boy believes in unselfish lying

provided it is not too expensive. "If an unharmful lie should save a person's life, it would be proper." "When you do it for some one else, never for yourself." "To save a country."

It is an interesting fact that the two small boys from poor homes on the west side downtown in New York, were both against lies, one "Because it is not manly," and the other, "Because it is wrong." Their code of manliness and of morals was higher than that of some of their age who lived higher uptown. The elevation of a man's ethical standards is not always the same as the elevation of his social position.

The answers of these boys cover very well the various circumstances and conditions which appear to some men to warrant an element of unveracity in life. Let us frankly and as dispassionately as possible consider these. But first as to *Les Miserables.* In speaking there of Sister Simplice as never having told even a white lie, Victor Hugo quotes a letter from the Abbe Sicard to his deaf mute pupil, Massieu, saying, "Can there be such a thing as a white lie? An innocent lie? Lying is the absolute of evil. Lying a little is not possible. The man who lies tells the whole lie. Lying is the face of the fiend and Satan has two names—he is called Satan and Lying." Victor Hugo later represents Sister Simplice as lying, but the Abbe Sicard's counsel stands none the less.

Now when is a lie justifiable, in the view, that is, of those who think that it can ever be? "To save a life," men and boys reply. "One's own life or the

life of another." The martyrs of course thought otherwise. "It is in our power," said Justin Martyr, "when we are examined, to deny that we are Christians, but we would not live by telling a lie." A certain self-confessed liar and legally convicted adulterer of our day, who wears his hair long and professes art and conducts a snippet of a periodical, says that the martyrs showed a lack of humor in dying for the truth, when a trivial lie would have saved them. The martyrs, however, looked at both falsehood and adultery from a different point of view from this creature's. There were two things which are yet one,—the impurity of a lie and the lie of impurity,—which they were entirely ready to protest against with the supreme protest of their death. Lying for another's life rather than for one's own differs only in the matter of the element of unselfishness which is introduced. But an unselfish purpose does not remove or replace the lines of moral cleavage between right and wrong. To forge for a friend is as criminal as to forge for one's self. The Jesuitical principle asks no more than the advocates of the unselfish lie grant. But "a lie is not allowable," as Augustine said, "even to save another from injury." And he asks whether if it is right to damn our souls by a lie for the sake of the bodily advantage of others, we are also to be ready to commit adultery and other sins for their good.

I trust that if any of you have wondered at the line of thought I have been following you will now

begin to see how fundamental it is. The same principle which lets a single lie into life opens the door to everything. Of course everything will not follow, but anything may follow. There is no logical safeguard. The only absolute, secure, and rational principle of a right life is the unqualified truth.

It may be a hard proposition to face—lie or let a friend die, but, as we shall see, the dilemma is purely an imaginary one, and even if it were real, the only right choice is truth at any cost. Jeanie Deans had an original, Helen Walker, and Scott erected in his garden a monument to her memory, declaring "she would not depart a foot's breadth from the path of truth, not even to save her sister's life"—but she saved it by other and legitimate sacrifices. Our difficulty here springs from our entirely erroneous standards of value. We consider life the greatest treasure. But life is not our richest possession. Life is not to be held as the one thing for which all else must be sacrificed. Men die for their honor, for their country, why should men not die for the truth? The truth is more than any man's honor. Nay, rather his only honor is in the truth and the love of it even unto death. We exaggerate the value of life and we exaggerate the horror of death. "I feel so strongly that death is not an evil to man," said Chinese Gordon, "that, if I thought the shooting of any number of slave-dealers would be of avail in stopping the slave-trade, I would shoot them without the least compunction, though if a slave dealer was

ill and it was in my power to cure him, I would do my best to do so." But our contemptible theory is that a man must live. The devil held that a man would sacrifice anything for the sake of his life, and the world at times seems to have gone over to the devil's view as ethically correct. He has always regarded a lie as entirely legitimate and sees no reason whatever why men should not lie for a life's sake. But men do not need to live. A moral code which rests upon this idea for its foundation is rotten, and to surrender the truth which is divine and eternal for the sake of a life, our own or another's, is to choose the devil instead of God and to pollute the springs of the life that is saved at such a cost. There are some contemptuous modern verses on such a view which are not too scornful.

"A man must live!" We justify
Low shift and trick to treason high,
A little vote for a little gold
To a whole senate bought and sold,
With this self-evident reply.

But is it so? Pray tell me why
Life at such cost you have to buy?
In what religion were you told
"A man must live?"
There are times when a man must die.

Imagine for a battle cry
From soldiers with a sword to hold,
From soldiers with the flag unrolled,
The coward's whine, this liar's lie,
"A man must live!"

A lie is not justifiable merely to save life.

But it is said, in war surely a lie is justified by the moral conscience of the whole world, and if thus in one case a lie is right, you can not establish a principle of absolute exclusion against the legitimacy of justifiable falsehood. Undoubtedly if one lie is right, many are, and some people, any people who wish to do so, will be able to justify any lie they desire to tell. But war does not furnish any warrant for falsehood. No honorable man would lie in war. A flag of truce is most sacred. A parole is held religiously inviolate. Of course flags of truce have been abused by liars and paroles have been broken, but the moral sense of the world abhors such enormities. War introduces standards and moral conceptions of its own, but the one thing which it does not touch is the sacred principle of the truth. Every brave and honorable soldier would scorn to lie or to use falsehood, or to tolerate it in friend or foe.

The favorite plea in behalf of the justifiable lie, however, is drawn from the work of the nurse and the physician. The doctor is held to be justified in lying to his patient when he thinks that his lie may hasten or procure the patient's recovery. Now in the first place, no life is worth a lie. What is morally wrong, inconsistent with the character of God, and destructive of society and morals, can not be made right by its use even to save life. And in the second place, falsehood is a pathological expedient whose effects are utterly incalculable. Suppose the patient to whom a doctor lies recovers, it is absolutely impos-

sible to show that it was due to the lie. Suppose that a patient to whom a doctor tells the truth dies, it is absolutely impossible to show that it was due to the truth. In the third place, the assumption that a lie is ever necessary is purely unwarranted. There are a hundred ways of dealing wisely with patients besides the way of falsehood. And in the fourth place, the one man whom we employ from whom we surely have a right to the truth, is the doctor. If I am about to die, and the doctor knows it, I have a right to know it. I do not want any doctor to lie to me about myself or about my family or about anything whatever. He has no right to make himself superior to God and to deny to me that which he knows God is affirming. Of all men, physicians ought to be the supreme lovers and tellers of the truth. And the best ones are. In a recent address to the graduating class from the Moses Taylor Hospital School for Nurses in Scranton, Pennsylvania, Dr. Fisher, the superintendent of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, took up this question. "Be honest," said he, "with your patients and their friends. Very early in the days of my private practice I learned that as a rule men and women meet the great crises of life with firmness and courage. I have witnessed a wonderful calmness and relief in a family when I had revealed that the end of the dear one was near, when suspense and dread had given place to certainty. This point of truthfulness in the face of a crisis is one where a radical differ-

ence of opinion exists. Said one of my medical acquaintances, in substance, 'When I was taking my medical course it was impressed upon me that in most critical cases it was unsafe to let the patient know his real condition, and often unwise to let the friends know it, and that when the physician's judgment so decided, any lie which would satisfy for the time being was preferable to the truth. I accepted this and for five years acted upon it. Then I changed my policy and for fifteen years I have been truthful with my patients, and I have found it in every sense better, safer, wiser.' . . . A school boy being asked, 'What is a lie?' said 'a lie is an abomination to the Lord and a very present help in time of trouble.' Not bad when we consider that the 'present' quickly ends while the 'abomination' remains long. . . . Help your patients and the friends to look at all contingencies from a common-sense point of view. Believe in their intelligence and the essential strength of human nature to face truth, and, brought face to face with the vital question, 'Be honest.'" This is the sort of ethics a man wants in his doctor.

And it is the sort of ethics God wants in every man. The doctor who lies when he thinks it is well to do so has entered a school where his thoughts as to when it is well to lie are likely to receive a considerable development, and the same thing is true of every man. If he finds one reason for one lie, he will find another reason for another and there

is no absolute guarantee that he will not be able to find a reason for any lie he has a sufficiently strong motive for telling. And all wrong conduct is just falsehood in act. If falsehood in word is admitted as sometimes warranted, falsehood in act will be also, and if one falsehood in act is justifiable, justification can be found without difficulty for anything, and in consequence the man who adopts this philosophy and who wishes to do so can carry it as far as he will and relax any of the sanctions of morality which he finds irksome. If any lie is right, then there is no iron principle of unyielding rectitude anywhere in life. This I do not believe for an instant. I believe that the solid and abiding foundation, not to be removed or played with or modified or compromised or evaded or relaxed in any way whatsoever is the truth, the truth without qualification, open and void of all deceit.

This is what we are ever looking for in men. We want to find for our uses men who will be true at any cost and who will serve principle, no matter at what personal price. This is so in every sphere. I do not mean that there are not many who are looking for dishonest servants. The corporation which desires to evade the statutes without risking prosecution is looking for lawyers who will be clever and unscrupulous enough to show it how it may attain its ends, but the corporation values these men because it believes they will be true to *it*. If they deceived *it* as the corporation desires them to deceive

others, it would cease to employ them. And just as a bad client may desire a lawyer who will use bad methods but still be true to his employer, so the public generally approves the lawyer who will be true to everybody and in all things. For a lawyer to lie is bad legal etiquette. It is also bad morals. Lincoln would never do it. He would not take a bad cause if he knew it, and he would not lie under any circumstances.

No, there is no trade or profession in which a lie is a legitimate agency. There are, however, three classes of people to whom the defenders of the so-called lie of necessity or justifiable lie urge that the truth is not owed, insane people, children, and criminals. "It is lawful to tell a lie to children or to madmen," said Jeremy Taylor, "because they, having no power of judging, have no right to the truth." This glorious principle might be more widely applied. In the great enlargement of knowledge almost every man now has special command of some department where others have no such power of judging as he. Shall he therefore be at liberty to lie to all who are not capable of judging in his sphere? It is a great pity that good Jeremy Taylor did not develop his idea. He wrote two famous books on *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying.* He might have added a third on *Holy Lying,* that is, the proper sort of lying,— to little children and to the insane. As to the insane, Dr. Kirkbride, long superintendent of the Pennyslvania Hospital for the Insane, declared,

"I never think it right to speak anything but the truth." And as to children, if there is one class of people who should be dealt with with a special and solicitously scrupulous regard for the exact truth, it is children. Of all souls in the world, if there may be distinctions imagined where there are none, children's souls should be guarded from the damning education of lies. But children and the insane do n't know that they are being lied to! That seems to be the plain sense of Jeremy Taylor's idea. On that basis the only required justification of a lie is that it should be a good one and accomplish the end of deceit.

As to criminals, the difficult cases supposed in which the telling of the truth appears so hard and a lie so justifiable are purely imaginary. Not one person out of a hundred thousand ever faces such problems. And those who adopt the right principle of the truth have a right to expect that they will be saved from such terrible situations, as they undoubtedly will. Some one asked Mr. Moody once what he would do if he were to get into such and such a situation. "Would n't get into it," was his laconic reply. When some one says to us, "What would you say if you found yourself in such and such a predicament?" we may likewise reply, "God will never let me get into such a position if I honestly obey His will and follow His principles. If He does, I can say nothing if saying anything would make trouble. And anyhow," we may retort, "I am not obliged

to worry myself over fictitious situations." In the case of every sin we can imagine conditions in which it will seem to be easier and even more justifiable to commit the sin than to practice the opposite virtue. "There is no moral law," says Tolstoy, "concerning which we may not devise a case in which it is difficult to decide what is moral: to disobey the law or to obey it." But devised or actual difficulties do not justify us in disregarding the law. Truth in character is the hardest and not the easiest thing in the world, but it is because it is so hard and unyielding that it is the one stuff out of which the foundation of character can be built.

As a matter of fact, it is the very hardness of truth that leads to lies. Men lie solely because of two things, weakness and cowardice. All sorts of philosophical defenses may be set up around the justifiable lie. The sole reason, when we strip the matter naked, is cowardice. Men lie because they are afraid to tell the truth and take the consequences, or to stand up and say, "It is none of your business; I will tell you nothing," or more politely, "You must trust me to do what I have to do in the way that seems to me right and best. I will tell you nothing but the truth. Now with that assurance let me work the matter out the best way I can." A lie, as Gordon pointed out, springs from fear. The liar "fears his fellow more than God, and thinks God is so weak as not to be able to help him, if he did tell the exact fact. It really is unbelief or distrust which induces

our lies, either spoken or acted." "A lie," says Bacon, "fears God and shrinks from man." "If it be well weighed," says Montaigne, "to say that a man lieth is as much as to say that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men." All falsehood in a life is evidence of cowardice.

And all falsehood is not only fear, it is also folly. "Whatsoever convenience may be thought to lie in falsehood and dissimulation," said Tillotson, "it is soon over, but the inconvenience of it is perpetual because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion so that he is not believed when he speaks the truth nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly." To lie is not to gain but to lose influence. It is also the beginning and not the ending of difficulty. The man who tells the truth can forget what he has said and be able to repeat it, simply by telling the truth again, but the man who lies has to remember the particular lie he told, and tell that again. The truth is single and unchanging. Falsehood is duplex and shifting and variable. In the deaf and dumb sign language the sign for the truth is a gesture indicating a straight line from the lips; the sign for a lie is the representation of a crooked, wavering line. The straight line is one forever. The crooked line may be any one of a million. A schoolboy once came to me to ask help in his moral troubles and said that his chief difficulty was the habit of exaggeration, which was his mother's habit also. Perhaps she had been a believer in Jeremy Taylor's easy

theory of the propriety of lying to children. "I know it is wrong," said the boy, "and also it is so very inconvenient, for I can't remember how I said the thing the first time, when I have to repeat it." Truth alone can make character consistent and give it rest and peace; for as South remarked, "there can be no greater labor than always dissembling, there being so many ways by which a smothered truth is apt to blaze and break out."

And now may we not regard as settled this first and fundamental principle of Christian character that a lie is always wrong and never to be tolerated, and that character, whether it be great and conspicuous or not, must at least be all true? I do not say that those who would allow a lie under what they regard as justifying circumstances do not love the truth and do not recognize that the truth is essential to character. But I do say that logically their position fails to give us what we require. In building character, we need a foundation of solid rock. I believe we have this in the truth, but if the truth is not solid, if it has holes in it and may be broken up by men, then we must find something else that will be solid and unalterable. What else is there? Nothing else than the truth. To believe that it is holy, to have a fanaticism of devotion to it, to love it and do it and live it,—this will put power and nerve into the weakest men and make us children of men who will not lie, the sons of God who can not (Isa. lxiii, 8).

I said that even if character is not great it must be true, but the one way that character may be great is to be true. This is true of individuals and it is true, as I pray that this University may deeply and increasingly realize, of institutions. As Edward Thring said at the opening of the Uppingham Schoolroom in 1863, "Something also I would say to the school on the subject of school greatness. I have observed lately no unnatural desire to claim a position among English schools. Now you can not claim it. It must come. Indeed, we are very far from wishing that the school should come forward on the false ground of mere increase of numbers,—which may be increase of shame, for a mob is not an army,—or of mere identity with other schools, which is not what has made us what we are. Yet be sure there is the means here of being great. Have you so soon forgotten the motto in your head room:

> "'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,—
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power?'

Yes, power must come and there are two ways for it to come. Most of all, and first, the winning a character for truth and true honor. Most of all, that no lie in word or deed, no shams, no underhand deceits shall harbor here,—nothing that will not bear the light. Let this be the school character, as I trust it is, and fear not, the school is great. . . . Who shall set a limit to the power that goes forth from here? . . . Why should the prophecy of the lit-

tle that remains be thought a vain dream,—the prophecy that a few years yet onwards, and by God's blessing, when men think of their youth, and talk one with another of truth and honor and steadfast work, the name of the school shall rise readily to their lips, and deeds of patient endurance and a character hardly won for quiet, unassuming trustworthiness shall fill with honest pride the hearts of those who then shall be able to say, 'And I, too, was at Uppingham.' Nothing is too great for the power of the truth?" Or all this can be put in briefer words as a law of life. It is so put in the motto of the Hill School, one of the most high-minded of our secondary schools; a motto borrowed from St. Paul and cut in the stone above the chancel in the school chapel, "Whatsoever things are true." That is my whole contention to-night. "Whatsoever things are true,"—none other.

PURITY

A Plea for Ignorance and Hatred

Heaven knows, when there are so many abuses, we ought to thank a man who will hunt them out. I will never believe that a man has a real love for the good and beautiful, except he attacks the evil and the disgusting the moment he sees it! Therefore you must make up your mind to see me, with God's help, a hunter out of abuses till the abuses cease—only till then. It is very easy to turn our eyes away from ugly sights, and so consider ourselves refined.

As long as your friend, or any other man loves the good, and does it, and hates the evil and flees from it, my Catholic creeds tell me that the Spirit of Jesus, "The Word," is teaching that man.—Mrs. Kingsley, "*Letters and Memories of Charles Kingsley.*"

II

PURITY

The first essential of Christian character is truth. The second is purity. I am entirely willing to call it innocence. But whether we call it purity or innocence or both, it is simply truth in body, mind, and soul. The pure man is the man of truth in his passions, appetites, habits, and will. Purity becomes at once, accordingly, in a world like ours a matter of attitude toward evil.

Now there are four different attitudes which we may take toward evil. The first is indulgence. This is the choice of weakness and sin. A young man is tempted, and he is not strong enough to resist, or he does not want to resist, and he plunges in. It is good to see this clearly. There are no other reasons for the course of indulgence in sin but these,—cowardice and badness. Every life that dips into this sink does so through feebleness or viciousness. Sometimes young men excuse themselves for indulgence on the pretext that they want to understand life, and that the only way to understand it is to experience it; but this is not true. Jesus understood life better than any man who has ever lived, and he lived without spot. Furthermore, life is not the good and evil of

the world mixed up and drunk together. It is the good of the world taken in, and the evil rejected. The very purpose of life is to give us a school in which we shall choose and know good, and spurn and despise evil, and its divine end is holiness and beauty. Indulgence, from whatever motive, has the same effect, namely, to tarnish and defile, and thus to destroy the very spirit and end of true living. All sin, when it is full grown, bringeth forth death.

The second is indifference. "I shall not pay any attention to evil," some one says. "I shall just think about what is good, and be busy with that, leaving evil to itself. I do not need to concern myself with it, and any passion against it is bad, so that I shall do best simply to treat it with indifference." This sounds fine, and philosophical. But the fact is, evil is no simple, unsophisticated thing. There is no wickedness or adroit scheme of deception which is unknown to Satan, and he smiles at the brave talk of indifference. He knows he has within the gates allies whom indifference can not detect or expel, and that they will soon play havoc with the dream of a philosophical neglect of evil. The sin that is in our own souls forbids indifference. Indifference, moreover, is no attitude to take toward a foe who is doing such incalculable damage in life. One might as well talk of the manliness of the attitude of those who view with indifference all foreign invasion of their soil and destruction of their liberties, or a deliberate assault in broad day by bandits upon their

homes, killing their women and torturing their little children. If evil were honorable, then men might let it alone. But its very nature is treachery and deceit, and all it asks is indifference to enable it to cover its attacks.

The third is ignorance. Once in Eden, the lovely story tells, there was innocence. Alas, that it was ever lost! But it is lost, and the taste of that forbidden fruit is now in every mouth. No one has escaped it. The little child begins its life in such apparent spotlessness of innocence, that one almost believes it is without the capacity for evil. But suddenly, however shielded the little life may have been, those who watch it see to their horror that evil has touched it. The knowledge of wrong has come, perhaps the act of wrong itself, and thenceforward the child is participant in the perpetual conflict. No one can escape the knowledge of evil. Yet, so far as it is possible, ignorance is the right attitude to take toward it. Such ignorance is not weakness, but power, beauty, joy, freedom. Bitter is the day when the needless knowledge of evil creeps into the soul, and thenceforth there are reticences, blushes of shame, concealments, averted eyes, and the misery of a furtive life. It is better for the soul to be free, to have a stock of knowledge so pure and unsullied that to expose it at noonday in a public place would cause no shame.

The fourth is indignation. However blessedly great our ignorance of evil may be, it can not be ab-

solute. The evil in our own souls, and the terrible evil of our world, force themselves upon us. Let us receive them with indignation. What right have they here, lurking in our hearts and defiling the earth, filling it with shame and sorrow and anguish? But first in our own hearts. This is the evil to be scorned and defeated first. Unless this is done, what right have we to flame against the evil in others? When filled with indignation against the evil of our own hearts, and resolutely warring against it, we may justly go out also against the world's evil, and do our part there to resist the devil and to conquer lies.

Of these four attitudes the principle of purity selects two which it presses upon men of Christian character and requires of them. I propose to speak of these two and what I have to say in behalf of purity may be frankly described as a plea in behalf of ignorance and a plea in behalf of hatred.

As to the plea in behalf of ignorance the common notion is that no such plea can be made. The popular proverb declares that knowledge is power. But like many other popular proverbs this one is half a truth and half a lie. Sometimes, surely, knowledge is power, but sometimes, as surely, knowledge is not power, but weakness, or death, or worse than death. Whether knowledge is power or not depends upon what the objects of knowledge are. One might as truly say that all eating is strength as to say that all knowledge is power. Some food breeds disease or weakness or death. So likewise some knowledge is

morally suicidal. Toward such knowledge my contention is that ignorance is the only manliness.

If it were appropriate or necessary to take a text for such a plea in behalf of ignorance, I think I should select from many the available words of Paul in his letter to the Romans: "I would have you wise unto that which is good and simple [*i. e.,* innocent] unto that which is evil." No words could present more clearly the great issue between good and evil and the opposite attitudes which Christian men should take up toward them.

Now men do not like to be driven to sharp alternatives and mutually exclusive choices. They like to gloss over the lines of division so as not to have to make decisive choice. But in this matter they can not escape. In his essay, *The Will to Believe,* Professor James arranges the options which are offered to men, the choices between conflicting hypotheses or principles, into three groups. The first group is made up of options which are living or dead. "A living option," says he, "is one in which both hypotheses are live ones. If I say to you, 'Be a theosophist or be a Mohammedan,' it is probably a dead option, because for you neither option is likely to be alive. But if I say 'Be an agnostic or a Christian,' it is otherwise," for you are pretty sure, trained as you are, to be one or the other of these. The second kind of option is forced or avoidable. If you come to where three roads diverge, it is no forced option which faces you between the left and the

right. You may choose the center road, but if there are only two roads and you have to go on, the option is forced. "If I say to you," says Professor James, " 'Choose between going out with your umbrella or without it,' I do not offer you a genuine option, for it is not forced. You can easily avoid it by not going out at all. . . . But if I say, 'Either accept this truth or go without it,' I put on you a forced option, for there is no standing place outside of the alternative. Every dilemma based on a complete logical disjunction, with no possibility of not choosing, is an option of this forced kind." And thirdly, options are trivial or momentous. Some options are living and forced which yet are so petty as to be of no consequence. But other options are momentous. "If I were Dr. Nansen," to use Professor James's illustration, "and proposed to you to join my North Pole expedition, your option would be momentous; for this would probably be your only similar opportunity, and your choice now would either exclude you from the North Pole sort of immortality altogether, or put at least the chance of it into your hands. He who refuses to embrace a unique opportunity loses the prize as surely as if he tried and failed. Per contra, the option is trivial when the opportunity is not unique, when the stake is insignificant, or when the decision is reversible if it later prove unwise."

Now the choice between good and evil, that is the choice between attitudes toward evil, is a genuine option. It is a living option. No more

vital problem confronts us. Everything for a man hangs on his choice here. It is a forced option. No man can escape a choice. No choice is itself a choice. "He that is not for Me," said Jesus, "is against Me." Every one either deliberately or unconsciously is arraying himself and defining a position toward good and evil. And it is a momentous choice, the one great choice of life, affecting all our intellectual judgments, our tastes, our friendships, our capacities for unselfishness and for service.

The alternatives are strictly limited and exclusive. Men may try to play with both, but it is a futile game. Our Lord always insisted that at bottom every man was ruled by one or the other of two contradictory principles. He allowed for black and white, goats and sheep,—no neutral tint, no hybrids. However hard it is for us to slice society in two, Jesus says it will be done at the judgment. There will be two groups, not twenty, and every man is in one or the other of these two groups now.

Under the Old Testament dispensation, the ceremonial law ran a dividing line right across life and all the activities and nourishments and interests of life. Some it pronounced clean and others unclean. Now between many of the things thus separated there was no real difference whatever. God did not deem some beasts and places and acts, which were differentiated by the law, of unequal moral quality. These were kindergarten days. What all this old

ceremonial was set up for was its moral and educational end. God was endeavoring to create the sense of moral distinction, to lead men to see that there are moral choices which are unavoidable, and moral chasms which are unbridgeable, and to drive them at last to a realization of the eternal contradiction between good and evil and of the necessity of utterly divergent attitudes toward them.

And this option is momentous not alone in the sense that such infinite issues are involved, but also in the sense that in one moment a man's choice may be fixed forever. With never so much acknowledgment of the ceaseless mercy and love of God, and the patient love and wooing of Christ, there is still a determinism of character with which no man dare trifle. We may say that we can turn when we wish to turn, but we are making it certain that we shall not really wish to turn. With many doubtless the determination of their choice is spread out over years. Just as surely with many others one decisive act or leaning settles the whole matter forever.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light."

When the matter is put this way, of course, every gentleman will say at once, "Why to be sure I choose good. Let me be counted on that side." Very well, what then shall be our attitude toward evil? And here I make my plea first for ignorance. There are philosophers who say that we can search for the truth but can never know that we have found it, and that the search is all that we need. I do not hold to that philosophy; I believe that we can get along both without seeking for and without finding evil. It is enough for us to know that it is, without prying into what it is. Toward evil, man is at his highest when he is innocent and pure, when he has nothing to conceal. In protesting against gambling and the shame of possessing money acquired by gambling, Phillips Brooks, in his sermon on *The Choice Young Man,* protests also against all dark things, the possession of dollars whose history can not be told, the possession of knowledge which the sense of shame conceals. "To keep clear of concealment, to keep clear of the need of concealment, to do nothing which he might not do out on the middle of Boston Common at noonday,—I can not say how more and more that seems to me to be the glory of a young man's life. It is an awful hour when the first necessity of hiding anything comes. The whole life is different thenceforth. When there are questions to be feared and eyes to be avoided and subjects which must not be touched, then the bloom of life is gone. Put off that day as long as possible. Put it off forever if you

can." No money whose history can not be told. No knowledge that can not be shared with all the world.

I believe in such an attitude of ignorance toward evil, first of all because such ignorance is power. Men often justify the knowledge of evil because it is essential to influence, as they say, and they advise young men to become personally informed about evil in order to be able to correct it intelligently. As though no physician were competent to set a broken arm who had not first broken his own! As though no man could put out a fire in his neighbor's house who had not qualified by committing arson in his own! There is a power possessed by the reformed drunkard but no power of experienced sin is as great as the power of innocence that has triumphed over sin. Who is the greatest and mightiest of men? Who but the One who knew no sin and whom no personal acquaintance with transgression had stained. And the great picture of power is the scene in the Temple when, with eyes aglow and a whip of small cords in His hands, the Incarnate Innocence drove out of His Father's Temple the hucksters who made it a place of merchandise and a den of thieves. The little child has ever been and is the master of the world. He holds the supreme power in his holy hands. Evil men pause and bow before the might of his innocence. It is not the man who has gone down and filled his memory and imagination with the pictures of evil, much less the man who has scarred body and

soul with the deeds of evil, who has the truest secret of strength. It is Sir Galahad:

> "My good blade carves the casques of men,
> My tough lance thrusteth sure,
> My strength is as the strength of ten
> Because my heart is pure."

It is not the bad man, nor the good man who was bad, nor the good man who was never bad but who knows about badness, who is the strongest man, but the good man whose heart is clean.

In the second place such ignorance is mental freedom. Evil sticks to the mind with a tenacity that is simply devilish. The man who deliberately enlarges his stock of knowledge of evil is passing himself under slavery. What evil we have to meet in the path of clear duty we may confidently expect God to enable us to meet without harm to our souls. He will surround us with such protection and so immunize our memories against contagion as to bring us out of such contact with evil unpolluted. But no man can gain the knowledge of evil out of prurient or idle curiosity without bearing the marks of it and feeling forever its tyranny. I knew of a man once who was doctor on a reform-school ship in New York Harbor. There were 300 boys and they knew all evil, some of the officers did not live in their thoughts on a plane very far above the boys. What he heard there, he told me, though it was years before, clung to him so that it was perpetual battle with him to counteract and annul those memories by pure and

holy thoughts. It had been duty to him on the ship and he was not subdued by what had fastened on him in the way of his duty, but it was duty surrounded by devilish difficulties. I knew another man who was urged once to go down and see the seamy side of life in New York. He went. A friend who was a newspaper man showed him what there was to see. I asked him when he came back if it had been a good experience. It had been such an experience, he told me, as he would gladly give a hand to obliterate. But the knowledge was his now and he could not rid himself of it. That is the mischief about memory. The harder we try to forget, the more tenaciously does the detested object cling. A man can not will to forget. That is equivalent to willing to remember. There is no supremer folly than to think that we can acquire knowledge and then be as free as we were before. All knowledge binds, and the needless knowledge of evil not only destroys power, it imposes slavery. Mr. Kipling has put it in a song:

"To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned,
To my brethren in their sorrows over seas,
Sings a gentleman of England, cleanly bred, machinely crammed,
And a trooper of the Empress, if you please.

"We have done with Hope and Honor, we are lost to Love and Truth,
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth,
God help us for we knew the worst too young!

" Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that brought the sentence,
Our pride it is to know no spur of pride,
And the Curse of Reuben holds us till an alien land enfolds us
And we die and none can tell Them where we died.

" We're poor little lambs who've lost their way,
Baa, baa, baa;
We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa-aa-aa;
Gentlemen rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!"

Ignorance is freedom from all this. Men, young or old, do not need to know the worst, or to feel the slavery which the knowledge of the worst brings. And ignorance is not only freedom from slavery. It is freedom for work. When the mind is loaded with evil knowledge it is incapable of activities and services for which the pure mind is free. And a free mind, as Channing maintained, is the great good of Christianity and the great essential of Christian manhood. "I call that mind free," declared he, "which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which penetrates beneath the body and recognizes its own reality and greatness, which passes life not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness. I call that mind free which escapes the bondage of matter,

which instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to the Author, and finds in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement. . . . I call that mind free which through confidence in God and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong doing, which no menace or peril can enthrall. . . . Such is the spirit of freedom which Christ came to give. This is the great good of Christianity, nor can we conceive a greater within the gift of God." But this gift is not for the man who subjects his mind to the knowledge of evil. That is the road away from freedom. And the Christian man must be free, aloof from darkness, ready for God's will.

"A door clanks loose, the gust beats by,
The chairs stand plain about;
Upon the curving mantle high
The carvéd heads stand out.
The maids go down to brew and bake,
And on the dark stairs make
A clatter, sudden, shrill—
Lord, here am I
Clear of the night and ready for Thy will."

He who would stand thus, must stand off from evil.

Thirdly, I believe in the attitude of ignorance because it alone holds the secret of life's freshness and joy. Men do not believe this. The very reason they go after evil is because of the interest it is supposed to give to life. Mere goodness and the simple life and thoughts of goodness they think to be tame

and to need the zest and piquancy to be found alone in the spice of evil. But this is folly. Nothing is more deadly monotonous than evil. It is always the same stale story. In a notable sermon, Dr. W. R. Richards discusses what he calls "the monotony of sin," and he imagines some ancient Babylonian visiting modern New York and being taken about to see the sights. His host shows him the great buildings and bridges and engineering achievements and the man from the ancient time is filled with wonder and surprise. And then in the evening the New Yorker, who had reserved the exhibition of sin in its most seductive and fascinating guise to crown the day, is non-plussed when the Babylonian yawns and exclaims, "O, there is nothing new here. We had all this in Babylon three thousand years ago." Indeed there is nothing new in sin. Its new forms are simply revivals of old forms. All there is in sin was in the first sin. It has been a story of stale repetition ever since.

The silly vice of profanity illustrates the monotony of sin. Men begin to swear as an enrichment of the vocabulary. But nothing so contracts and impoverishes human speech. After a little while the profane man becomes the slave of a dozen oaths, perhaps of only one or two. All the emotions which his soul feels, all the judgments of his intellect, have to be expressed in those few words. I have a friend who says that he knows a setter dog who has more different ways of expressing emotions and ideas with his

tail than some men have with all the resources of the English language at their disposal. The knowledge of profane speech is the surest way to the loss of freshness and richness of language.

And there never was a worse devil's lie than the declaration that sin is novel and interesting and vivacious. All the variety there is in sin is in the first act of sin. The freshness goes then and all the rest is stale and dreary. In a little volume of poems by George Arnold, who was a writer in New York in the Civil War days, are some lines entitled *The Lees of Life,* which tell wearily enough the tale of the emptiness and insipidity of the knowledge which young men so often think is so invitingly interesting and entertaining.

"I have had my will,
  Tasted every pleasure,
I have drunk my fill
  Of the purple measure,
Life has lost its zest,
Sorrow is my guest,
  O, the lees are bitter, bitter!
Give me rest!

Love once filled the bowl,
  Running o'er with blisses,
Made my very soul
  Drunk with crimson kisses,
But I drank it dry,
Love has passed me by,
  O, the lees are bitter, bitter!
Let me die!"

Because life ought to be rich and ever fresh and new, I believe in ignorance of evil.

And in the fourth place, it is ignorance of evil which gives life its beauty and sweetness. There is a sad beauty in the ruined life which has been redeemed and which in the memory of its past waste and evil goes softly all the rest of its days, but no reclaimed soul can ever have the beauty which lies as a holy glory over the life of a little spotless child. Would the Temple have been lovelier if it had once been a brothel? I remember well the words which stood over the pulpit recess in the old Pennsylvania church to which I went as a boy. "Holiness becometh Thine House, O Lord, forever;"—not fragmentarily. And the temple of God which we are is not made fairer in God's eyes or man's by first polluting the walls with evil adornments and then covering them over with holiness. God will take his men broken and defiled if He can not get them otherwise, and He will do the best He can with them by forgiveness and strength, but

> "Yes, Thou forgivest, but with all forgiving
> Canst not renew mine innocence again."

Let us seek to keep that innocence, the purity of flesh of the little child, the gracious honesty of wholeness, uncorroded and unstained.

And lastly, I argue in behalf of the attitude of ignorance that it furnishes the basis of the best and truest fellowship. Coming down the China Sea some years ago on a coast-trade steamer, I sat at the dinner table in the saloon one evening after every

one else had gone up on deck, talking to the chief officer. He pushed his tobacco and whisky bottle and some soda across to me and cordially invited me to share them with him. When I thanked him and declined, he looked up in a frank, cordial way and said, "Now, Mr. Speer, I hope you won't mind my saying so, but I don't feel on an entirely friendly and common basis with a man until he drinks and smokes with me." Well, that is one view,—that the roots of human fellowship and of intellectual communion run into the stomach. But the fellowship that has no higher sanctions and communities than a common taste for a particular brand of whisky or tobacco rests on very precarious grounds. Human associations ought to be lifted to the highest and holiest planes and men should have higher relationships than those which spring from mere animal desire. The free mind is above them. And men should shrink from the fellowship which resides in the common knowledge of evil, the enjoyment of foul stories, the singing of low songs. The story told of Coleridge Patteson shows how the true man will feel and act. It was at the annual dinner of the cricket eleven and the eight of the boat at Eton. "A custom had arisen among some of the boys of singing offensive songs on this occasion," says his biographer, "and Coley, who as second of the eleven stood in the position of one of the entertainers, gave notice beforehand that he was not going to tolerate anything of the sort. One of the boys, however, began to sing something objectionable. Coley called out, 'If that does not

stop, I shall leave the room,' and as no notice was taken he actually went away with a few other lads. He afterwards found that, as he said, 'fellows who could not understand such feelings thought him affected,' and he felt himself obliged to send word to the captain that unless an apology was made, he should leave the eleven—no small sacrifice, considering what cricket was to him; but the gentlemanlike and proper feeling of the better style of boys prevailed, and the eleven knew their own interests too well to part with him, so the apology was made, and he retained his position." A somewhat similar and quite familiar story is told of General Grant. In one of the Virginia campaigns he and his staff were gathered one evening in a country farm-house, the officers about the fire and Grant a little removed with his chin on his breast, sitting in silence. The officers were telling stories. Presently one of them said, "I have a very good story to tell," and then to indicate what was coming he added, "I think there are no ladies here." There was an expectant ripple of laughter, in the midst of which General Grant looked up and quietly remarked, "No, but there are gentlemen here." The story was not told. Do we need argument to show us that gentlemen must be of clean hearts, that the less of evil they know the broader is the basis of noble fellowship among them? It is the pure in heart who are to see God, and it is the pure in heart who are to know what the richest friendship is among men.

It may be that there are some who will assent to all that has been said but who will reply sadly, "Alas, our sorrow is that we know. We wish we were innocent again. Is there no hope for us?" Yes, thank God, there is. Jesus Christ came to this end. If in living faith in Him, the man who is bound under the evil knowledge will go off alone and pray in secret to the Father who heareth, he can find that which he seeks, and that will take place in him which took place in Naaman the Syrian who went down a leper as white as snow and dipped himself seven times in the Jordan and his flesh came upon him again as it had been the flesh of a little child.

I need not add a word to what I have said, I hope, in further justification of a plea in behalf of that ignorance of evil which is power and freedom and freshness and beauty and the secret of fellowship. And what has been already implied of the deadly effects of too close acqaintance with evil, will warrant, I believe, my going on to make a further plea in behalf of hatred of evil as an essential of Christian character. It is as easy to find a text for this as for the plea for ignorance. "Be ye angry," says Paul. "There is a time to hate," says the preacher.

It was said of Arnold of Rugby by his worshiper and biographer, Dean Stanley, that "no one could know him even a little and not be struck by his absolute wrestling with evil and, with the feeling of God's help on his side, scorning as well as hating it." Some people have the feeling that this was a heathen

strain in Arnold, or that at any rate it was more akin to the religious feeling of the Old Dispensation. There was undoubtedly a great deal of this in the Old Testament. The wrath of Moses at Dathan and Abiram when at his word, in the name of Jehovah, the ground opened and swallowed them up with their families, Samuel hewing Agag to pieces before the Lord in Gilgal, Elijah with the prophets of Baal at the holocaust of Kishon,—these are only a few of the many illustrations of noble anger with which the Old Testament abounds. It is a mistake to suppose that the essential principle of such anger at sin was of the old order and was done away by Christianity. Wrath at sin is part of those eternal Christian principles which were before the Old Testament and will be after the New. For the Bible presents to us pictures not of human wrath only but of the noble anger of God. He is not conceived as passive and emotionless, "to whom no sound of human sorrow mounts to mar His sacred everlasting calm." He is a God of divine love of right and divine scorn of wrong. The same evangelist who speaks of God's wonderful and sacrificial love, speaks also of "the winepress of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God." And so also in God in Christ we see no tame and neutral heart. He was the lowly and meek and gentle one. But we read also that "He looked round with anger" on malice and hypocrisy, as any noble, not to say divine soul, must. He Himself declared that He had come not to send peace but a sword. Among

His last great words were words of hate of evil and insincerity (Rev. ii, 6). And the great day of wrath upon the world is to be the day of the wrath of the Lamb (Rev. vi, 16, 17).

I think we must allow that Christianity has in it a place for hatred. And Christianity not only permits, it fosters wrath. Love involves hatred. To support the principle of good necessitates antagonism to the principle of evil. Christianity is the greatest love producing power in the world, because it is also the greatest fountain of godly wrath. It was the rich development of both qualities in Christ that gave Him uniqueness. "Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity," quotes the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, from the 45th Psalm. "Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows." Religion does not suppress our right feelings of love and hatred. It intensifies them. The Christian spirit never asks the Lotus Eater's question,

> "What pleasure can we have to war with evil?"

The very end of life is character and service, which require war with evil. The difference between Luther and Erasmus was precisely this. Luther blazed and struck. Erasmus shut down his passion and forebore. "I have always been cautious," said he; "I would rather die than cause a disturbance. . . . When we can do no good we have a right to be silent. . . . A worm like me must not dis-

pute with our lawful rulers. . . . We must bear almost anything rather than throw the world into confusion. There are seasons when we must even conceal the truth." But this was not the Christian manhood speaking. There are times when that manhood rebels righteously against easy-going tolerance and soft indulgence and promiscuous assent, and despises moderatism and moral inaction. "I do not shrink," said Cardinal Newman in his *Apologia,* of the conditions of his day in England, "I do not shrink from uttering my firm conviction that it would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be." This is not irreligious. It is true religion.

And Christianity not only allows and fosters hatred. It provides it with definite objects. It provides them first of all in a man's own life and will; and especially that sin which exalts a man's kinship to the beasts, which drags into the open the sacred things and fills the open places with secrets, which defiles life in its holy possibilities; that sin (I do not need to describe it more) which makes it impossible for a man to give what he gets on his wedding-day. This is a hateful thing. It is not a thing to be condoned as natural and necessary. "All men fall," said a man to me not long ago. That was a coward's lie. This sin of impurity should be despised and detested. Do you mean to tell me that Christianity provides for the comfortable, philosophical tolerance of such an

affront to God and to all women and to Christian manhood? No, God means it to be loathed. And Christianity bids us hate also the sin of ingratitude. The meanest of men is the ingrate. I knew once of a man whose mother was toiling and sacrificing to put him through college. He was aping the ways of the dilettanti, the men of wealth and ease. And he evaded the subject of mothers. One of our best papers published some time ago an editorial on "The Meanest Man I ever Knew." He was the man like my man. Are such qualities to be smiled upon, or good humoredly endured as necessary human foibles? Not if we have got the Christian character in us. We will look upon such things with contempt and will express it. And Christianity has always despised that most un-Christlike spirit of selfishness which leads a man to shirk his share. These things we are positively to hate, and to hate them first of all in ourselves, where we will find them either in the development or in the capacity. After we have hated them there we can hate them elsewhere,—only then.

> "Thou to wax fierce! In the cause of the Lord!
> Anger and zeal—and the joy of the brave,
> Who bade *thee* to feel,—sin's slave?"

All the things hated by God, the great hater, we, too, are to hate,—all evil devising, all false oaths (Zech. viii, 17), all lying (Prov. xiii, 5; Psa. cxix, 104), all vain thoughts (Psa. cxix, 113), but most of all, all uncleanness, which is simply falsehood in the

mind and flesh. Jude bids us to hate even the garments spotted so.

Ignorance is not enough here, for ignorance is impossible. We have the knowledge forced on us daily. We have to hate. "I have seen him," writes one of his friends of Robertson of Brighton, "grind his teeth and clench his fists when passing a man who he knew was bent on destroying an innocent girl;" and he himself writes when he was accidentally reminded of an experience of his own, "My blood was at the moment running fire, and I remembered that I had once in my life stood before my fellow creature with words that scathed and blasted, once in my life I felt a terrible might; I knew and rejoiced to know that I was inflicting the sentence of a coward's and a liar's hell." Perhaps some of us have seen similar justifications of the highest Christian wrath. I had a friend in an Eastern university who was a man of singular sweetness of character and of a childlike innocence. Another man in the same fraternity with him deliberately set to work to ruin him and destroy what could never be replaced in him and in several other members of his fraternity. That is the kind of man and that is the kind of brotherhood for which anything short of wrath is too tame. The Christian character views such things with angry and unconcealed scorn.

Blessed is it for us that the religion which kindles these hatreds is also able to restrain them. It not only kindles and nourishes our wrath, it also sets

limits to it—by forbidding any anger because of personal dislike or of any selfish feeling or offense, by fixing our wrath on principles not persons, and by checking us short of sin. "Be ye angry," says Paul, "and sin not."

I have read of Joshua Leavitt, one of the founders of the *New York Independent,* that once as he sat in his office he was visited by a man whom he had known for many years but had not seen for a long time, a man who had connected himself with a free-love community in the State of New York and had espoused vices which filled Leavitt with disgust. As he turned about in his chair and saw who his visitor was, Leavitt blazed forth on him. "Sir," shouted he, "I abhor you, I abhor you, I abhor you!" I do not think that there was an un-Christian hatred of a human soul here. There was a great Christian scorn for the diabolical principles which had possessed the soul. It will doubtless sometimes be hard to make any distinction, especially when the bad principles seem to have entirely permeated the soul, but the Christian heart will find a way to love what is to be loved, while at the same time it hates what is to be hated.

The Christian character needs this wrath against sin for its protection. We can not positively love good, and negatively play with evil or gloss evil over or live as though it were not. I have made my plea for an ignorance of evil as full as possible, but beyond those limits the right attitude, the only safe at-

titude for men, is positive indignation. When bidden to govern our lives by our admirations rather than our disgusts, we must reply that the strength of our admirations determines the power of our disgusts, and that we are just as strong to love good as we are strong to hate evil. We are made for war, and evil is our foe. We end in inanity or tea-party poesy if we are not as vigorous in our opposition to wrong as we are enthusiastic in our devotion to right. It was said of Robertson, that he combined "hatred and resistance of evil and a reverence and effort for purity." There is no safety or protection elsewhere for us. The man is in peril who has no vitriol save rose-water to sprinkle on sin. Evil will outwit him if he thinks that he can stroke it on the back and make it purr, and too late he will wish that he had played the man with man's worst foe.

The very love of the highest demands the scorn of the lowest. We love truth as we hate lies. We rise by tramping something down,

> "By the things that are under our feet,
> By what we have mastered of good and gain,
> By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
> By the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

And this is the only way that we ever do rise. If we are too gentle to stamp on anything we shall have to forego the glory of any ascent. This is the law of the soul's growth and of all moral victory. "Good" is our weapon, but we are to use it as warriors and to overcome evil with it. We are indeed to draw

nigh to God, but we are to do it by resisting the devil. Always the Scriptural appeal is the appeal of sound sense and of Christian manhood. "Hate the evil and love the good," "Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good." Christian character must be as hot in the one as in the other.

And a righteous and fierce wrath against evil is not only the protection of the Christian character, it is also a source of power to it. Mr. R. H. Hutton, in one of his essays, remarks concerning Martin Luther, that "he never did anything well until his wrath was excited and then he could do anything well." Christianity is not a girlish thing. Maurice complained that this was the character da Vinci put into the face of John in his fresco of the Last Supper. But John was no weak and insipid character. In early years he earned, with his brother, the name of Boanerges, and both Epistles and Apocalypse show the rich strength of his soul's deep wrath.

In lukewarmness, in listlessness, in any want of heat there is no power. Strength belongs to the hot-hearted men, the men who make onslaughts, the men who are not afraid to speak out as the Psalmist spoke:

"Hot indignation hath taken hold upon me,
Because of the wicked that forsake Thy law.
I hate every false way.
I hate them that are of a double mind;
I hate and abhor falsehood.
Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee?
And do I not loathe those that rise up against Thee?
I hate them with perfect hatred."

And he who spoke this was not afraid to go on and say with fearless probity of soul:

> " Search me, O God, and know my heart:
> Try me and know my thoughts:
> And see if there be any wicked way in me,
> And lead me in the way everlasting."

These are the words of the strong man contemptuous of evil and ready to pay the price of his contempt.

This is a long way from boasting, or from that cheap warfare against evil which is vocal alone. Real hatred runs deep and the quiet man feels it most. A friend told me recently of a meeting with Chinese Gordon. It was at a hotel in Brussels. Gordon was there discussing with the King of Belgium the matter of his going out to take charge of the Congo Free State. The history of that State would have been very different if he had gone. In the midst of the negotiations came the call to the Soudan, and he went off to his death. My friend told me that he was a very quiet little man, of deliberate speech. The whole world knows that he was accustomed to "make good." And Gordon was a man of wrath. He spoke out his scorn without fear and resigned one position, as secretary to Lord Ripon, Viceroy of India, because he felt the incongruous impossibility of tying himself down into the conventions of a place that allowed no room for wrath against wrong. He was not accustomed to go armed even in war, but after the capture of Soochow in

the Tai-ping rebellion, he got a revolver and hunted for Li Hung Chang, who had lied to him and killed men whom Gordon had promised to spare. Happily for the Chinaman, Gordon did not find him. I imagine he was glad afterwards that he did not, but I suspect that he was always glad that he went and hunted for him, that his heart was hot at deception and massacre.

And now if I seem to any of you to have put the matter with too much heat, may I ask you to think of the reasons we have for hating evil and sin. Think of the homes it has destroyed, of the souls it has damned. Think of the fair, pure lives it has ruined. Think of all the suffering of little children it has caused, of the pain and tears and anguish. Its flags of truce have been only a cover for its treachery. It has poisoned the wells of life. It has spoken pleasantly only to get near enough to stab fatally in an unsuspecting hour. Look out over your own acquaintance and in upon your own life, and when you have recalled the deadly and horrible consequence of the evil you yourselves have seen, tell me whether your hearts are still cool and temperate. God's is not. It is hot with indignation, and it can not stay. Christ's was not. Ablaze with a holy love, ablaze with a holy wrath, the terrible wrath of the angered Lamb, the Son of God, for the sake of men and at the cost of His life, flung Himself upon sin to tear from it its sting. Are you and I to feel toward evil otherwise than these have felt?

There is a simple little prayer which the boys in two of our best preparatory schools are taught to say, which may well express the hard but necessary lesson which I have been urging here: "O God, whom none can love except they hate the thing that is evil, and who willest by Thy Son, our Savior, to redeem us from all iniquity, deliver us when we are tempted to look on sin without abhorrence and let the virtue of His passion come between us and the enemy of our souls, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The Christian character speaks in this prayer.

SERVICE

THE LIVING USE OF LIFE

If you care to give your class a word directly from me, say to them that they will find it well, throughout life, never to trouble themselves about what they ought *not* to do, but about what they *ought* to do. The condemnation given from the judgment throne—most solemnly described—is all for the *undones* and not for the *dones*. People are perpetually afraid of doing wrong; but unless they are doing its reverse energetically, they do it all day long, and the degree does not matter. The Commandments are necessarily negative, because a new set of positive ones would be needed for every person: while the negatives are constant. —Ruskin, "*Arrows of the Chace.*"

Major-General Charles George Gordon, C. B.
who at all times
and everywhere gave his strength
to the weak,
His substance to the poor,
His sympathy to the suffering,
His heart to God.

—*Inscription in St. Paul's Cathedral.*

III

SERVICE

An endless debate can be opened over the question as to whether we do what we do because we are what we are, or are what we are because we do what we do. On the one hand we are told in the trite quotation from Emerson, that what we are speaks so loud that what we say can not be heard. On the other hand, we are assured that what we are is a mere by-product of what we do and say. Character and service are set off one against the other. It is the fault of self-centered culture that it should be so. The men who call character a mere by-product are simply trying to correct the injurious effects of a strong tendency among educated men, to forget the duty of public and private ministry to others and of participation in the humble life and work of the world. When men make their own soul's life the supreme thing, it is necessary to force upon them with whatever emphasis, the truth that the soul's life is found in its death, and that a man is here not to be ministered unto but to minister, and that he had better lose his soul saving his brethren, which happily in a moral universe he can not do, than keep it at his brother's loss.

In Christian manhood there is no conflict between character and service, for service is one of the essentials of character. Service is the man of truth and purity spending himself upon the just uses of life, namely the uplifting of life and the making of men. We have the best ground for regarding this as the supreme service, the real purpose of life.

When our Lord called His first disciples, He did not promise to make them great or rich or famous, nor did He at the first say anything about making them better or happier men. He simply offered to make them useful. "If you will come after Me," He said, "I will give you influence. You shall catch men."

There was a noble tribute in Jesus' method to the unselfish capacities of human nature. He evidently expected that the men to whom He made this proposition would respond to it, and He got what He expected. There is a great principle of character and service here. Many men disappoint us because we expect them to. In all work for men the more we count upon from them, the more unselfishness they feel we trust them to show, the better results we shall secure from them. In foreign mission work many a native Church is weak and dependent and unheroic simply because nothing else has been expected of it. Many a reformed drunkard at home has undone his reformation because he was expected to undo it. And one reason why some men who have committed crime once have gone on and

become habitual criminals, is that society has expected that the act would become a habit and has behaved toward them accordingly. Again and again men did even the impossible under Jesus' encouragement that they could. And this miracle was not confined to Jesus' day. An excellent recent handbook on Japan closes appropriately with two lines from Conington's translation of Vergil:

> "These bring success their zeal to fan;
> They can because they think they can."

Our Lord believed that the prospect He held out would draw men, the kind of men He needed and the world needed. He was confident that no other inducements were required. The issue justified His faith. With no offer of money, or honor, or ease, with the frank assurance that instead there would be poverty and shame and peril and death, He still got His men and gave the world its salvation, by the inducement of the opportunity for unselfish personal influence.

This was Christ's ideal and method for Himself. There were no limitations in God, prescribing the form which the Incarnation should take. Jesus might have been born in any social level or in the way of any natural advantages. He might have come as the son of Cæsar, as a man of wealth, or as a master of organization. He rejected all these forms of influence and deliberately subjected himself to conditions which deprived Him of any method

of action except simple personal influence. This is the last thing we should have descended to in His place. One of the first things we would do in setting out to undo all wrong and establish all righteousness would be to enlist legislation and the forces of government which make legislation operative. We must change the order of society, we maintain. Jesus would have nothing whatever to do with politics. He discouraged every effort to politicalize His mission, and He entirely divorced His method from every suspicion or possibility of political entanglement. Next to the conviction that without legislation nothing of a radical or adequate character can be done, is our modern axiom that money is indispensable. We speculate on the power of wealth to produce moral and spiritual reforms. We make plans for the extension of the Kingdom of God, which need only wealth behind them to revolutionize the world. With wealth, we say, unconsciously altering a great saying of Christ's, nothing is impossible. Indeed the logic of our attitude often would drive us to complete the parody: "With God it is impossible, but not with money; for with money all things are possible." Jesus never spoke thus. Such ideas never entered His thought. Money in any capacity, least of all as a method of influence, was of no interest to Him. His references to it are usually contemptuous. The idea of using gold to alter character and to make dead men live, would have seemed pitiful to Him. As for organization, which is the

third great reliance of our day, that, too, He treated with a silent indifference. Our great generals and engineers and merchants and statesmen to-day are the organizers, the men who arrange men and classify them and fix their grades and orders and swing them as a mechanism. Jesus, however, was not a mechanic in this sense. He had earned his bread by a trade, but religion was not a trade to Him. He was not a drill-master nor a manipulator of men. When His disciples urged Him to set up some sort of organization and assign them their place in it, He refused, and He died at last without having done anything whatever to assure the permanence of His movement by organization.

Now legislation and wealth and organization are all legitimate and noble agencies for the accomplishment of right ends. Men act with propriety when they seek to subordinate these forces to the ends of the Kingdom of God. All I urge here, however, is that Jesus did not do so. He was neither a political nor a financial figure. He just went about in a simple fashion, talking to people, telling them His ideas, giving help here and there in a tender, sympathetic way, doing good generously but by no means indiscriminately, laying out His life upon any responsive life He could find, "catching men," to use His own expression, and catching them not in multitudes or by great orations, but in quiet individual ways; and then He died and that was the end of it. Was that the end of it? Indeed that was only the beginning

of it. We see now that what was going on so quietly and unostentatiously there in a secluded corner of the Roman Empire, was the greatest upheaving movement of all history.

And this ideal of personal service, of influence by life, of the silent ministry to men by contact and love and helpfulness, which was the method of Jesus, He commended to others. He sought to teach it to His disciples. His aim was to impart to them His secret, not in any external or mechanical way, but by putting His own life and spirit into them. He longed to see a society established whose members should be one in as vital a sense as the branches of the vine are one, with all the members serving one another and serving the world. And this ideal of service by life and of life to the end of life, is what I mean by service as an essential of Christian character, the use of life as a free personal force for the molding of other lives.

It is objected to this as a principle and method of life that it is so nebulous and intangible. Building bridges, preparing briefs, performing operations, are all rational and effective activities, but simply befriending a man, or teaching him the truth or winning him to God and to duty,—this is so indefinite and invisible that many men decline to evaporate their lives in such ways. Even when this objection is not consciously put it is often unconsciously felt, and men turn nowadays away from the sort of service Christ worked with, to something less

nebulous and obscure. It is worth while considering carefully this attitude of mind as we meet it,—the disinclination to the immaterial and the inconspicuous, the depreciation of the service and services most exalted by Christ.

We meet the idea in the objection sometimes made to a great man, that he was of obscure origin, as though that were a sort of disproof of his greatness, or if not that, yet an unimportant background against which his successful life stands out as the truly significant life of the man; whereas, as a matter of fact, probably what the world calls the man's greatness is something that simply followed as a perfunctory corollary on the man's real greatness, which the world never knew anything about, but which characterized the obscure and the inconspicuous years.

We sometimes hear the same sort of criticism made against great movements. I have heard Christianity objected to on the ground that it rests on such obscure beginnings, and we are told that we should be wiser than to lay the foundations of a world-embracing faith like Christianity on such precarious origins, origins so little noted by the world at the time, and regarding which we have such very slender historical testimony even now. This objection against one great movement, however, is an objection against all history; against all unrecorded history, which is made up of a great mass of unnoticed things; and against most recorded history, the larger

part of which has to do with what was obscure and inconspicuous, and only at last flared out into something spectacular and great.

And this objection against history is an objection against life, for life itself is the most inconspicuous and obscure and unnoticed thing in the world. It is the one thing that nobody ever yet got hold of. No microscope ever caught it; no surgeon ever had knife sharp enough to cut to it; no biologist ever found it, nor has any chemist ever separated it; and no eye ever looked upon it; and it works in perfect quietness, so that nobody every heard it. And yet we all know that the most powerful thing in this world, the only thing after all that amounts to anything, is this same obscure, inconspicuous, undiscoverable life. It seems to me that thoughts like these ought to suggest to us the great principle, that perhaps after all the things that we call big and important do not amount to so much, and that possibly the greatest things in the world are the inconspicuous and the obscure and the unnoticed things, alike in the history of the world, in the forces that mold it, and in the making up of the characters of individual men.

Assuredly, as we look back over the past, the great forces that have molded it have been the inconspicuous and unnoticed forces. There is a fine passage in one of Cardinal Newman's *Parochial Sermons* on *The World's Great Benefactors,* in which he begins by speaking of our ignorance of most of the really great men:

"Our lesson is this: that those men are not necessarily the most useful men in the generation, not the most favored by God, who make the most noise in the world, and who seem to be principals in the great changes and events recorded in history; on the contrary, that even when we are able to point to a certain number of men as the real instruments of any great blessings vouchsafed to mankind, our relative estimate of them, one with another, is very often erroneous; so that, on the whole, if we could trace truly the hand of God in human affairs, and pursue His bounty as displayed in the world, to its original sources, we must unlearn our admiration of the powerful and distinguished, our reliance on the opinion of society, our respect for the decisions of the learned or the multitude, and turn our eyes to private life, watching in all we read or witness for the true signs of God's presence, the graces of personal holiness manifested in His elect; which, weak as they may seem to mankind, are mighty through God, and have an influence upon the course of His providence, and bring about great events in the world at large, when the wisdom and strength of the natural man are of no avail."

And then he goes on to ask who it was that first domesticated the animals that now serve man alike for burden and for food, who it was that first cultivated the great articles of food at their beginning, and who were the great inventors of most of those benefits which are helpful to the world, and the discoverers of most of those remedies which have relieved men in their times of sickness and disease.

Now and then we know the name of some man who has been boastful enough to attach his name to his achievement, but as a matter of fact most of the great achievements of the world are untagged. We say of this or that great discoverer, "He was the first

man to look on those lakes." Perhaps so, or perhaps he was the first man who published it. Long before ever that man looked on the lakes other men had been there who took out their pay in the joy of having done the thing. Or we say about this man, "He made this great discovery," but long before he made it some other man had thought of it, had worked over it in his way, and simply failed to claim the world's praise for what he had done. You remember how Kipling puts the spirit in *The Pioneer:*

> "Well I know who 'll take the credit,
> All the clever chaps that followed;
> Came a dozen men together,
> Never knew my desert fears;
> Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted,
> Used the water holes I'd hollowed.
> They 'll go back and do the talking;
> They 'll be called the pioneers."

But all the while the real pioneer had done his work and done it, like a man, in the dark.

And you can think of the service of the world on a higher level than this. Who was the first man who ever said "truth" or "virtue" or "manliness" or "courage" or "self-sacrifice?" There must have been a time when no man heard those words. Who was the man who coined them, and, more than that, first thought those thoughts? There must have been a time when first in all human thinking a man dreamed the great dream of patriotism, or heroic self-sacrifice, or began to think about truth and virtue and faith. Who was that man? We look back over the history

of the world, and we can see, even with our short sight, that the biggest things that have been done in the world were done in inconspicuousness and obscurity, by men who were satisfied to do the thing; may be by great masses of men, each one of whom contributed just a little bit; and that, after all, the mighty forces that have made the world are not the boasted, the conspicuous forces, but the forces that have worked in obscurity and in silence.

What I am coming to is just the great principle that perhaps that is true still which has been true of all the past as we look back over it. Perhaps today the great forces that are molding the world are not the noisy and the turbulent forces, not the newspapers, not the diplomats, not the governors, far less the thunders of the cannon, but the silent, the inconspicuous, the unobserved forces.

One of our most popular statesmen, speaking a little while ago on the deck of an American battleship, said that there was no class of the American population which he admired so much, about which he felt so much enthusiasm, as the enlisted men in the army and navy of the United States. But why? They are doing their work so far as they are fulfilling their duty, but after all, the soldier does his best work for the world, not because he is a soldier, but because he is still a man, and the noblest work he does is the work he does, not as a soldier, but as a common man. And the great movements in the world, the forces that are really shaping the na-

tions and determining the whole future of the world, are not the forces that are making the tumult or the disturbance, but the forces that are doing their work in silence of power. Last winter Mr. John G. Milburn, one of the leading lawyers of New York City, was speaking at a meeting of the Williams Alumni Association regarding the comparative ineffectiveness of the sort of work that public men were doing in the world. He spoke especially of the futility of legislation, of the fact that most of the statute books are graveyards of acts that might as well never have been passed at all, and said that these things amounted to almost absolutely nothing in really shaping the world. The great work of the world was done by mothers in the homes, teaching little children; by school teachers in obscure country districts, shaping the ideals of honor and truth of little boys and girls; the great work of the world was that done by the moral forces content to work in silence and obscurity.

Very little thought about history ought to show us the fallacy of our ordinary thinking in this matter. We look back, for example, to those days just before the Reformation, when the whole world had its eyes taken up with the gilt pageantry of history, and when men were watching the coronation of great emperors or the enthroning of great popes. What was the great, the real event that was happening? Away back in an obscure German village, a miner's wife was bringing forth her firstborn son. The birth of

that little German boy, and the influence of that mother's hand on his life and character, as in the humble miner's home at Eisleben she taught him to despise lies with all his will, and to love purity and honor and justice,—that was the great work that marked that mighty century. Out from that obscurity Martin Luther came to change the whole course of history and to shake the world. And it is just so in the world to-day. Some unknown mother, some obscure school teacher, some student working alone with a fellow-student, is doing the great work of this generation in shaping the life or character of the men who are to come out to be the leaders of the people.

One of the most impressive speeches I ever heard at Northfield was by the late Dean Wayland, of the Yale Law School. He was speaking on Round Top one night of his envy of what he saw and felt at Northfield. He was speaking of his own profession of the law, a profession which he graced and honored, but a profession of which he spoke with a good deal of regret that night, as he measured what he felt to be its possibilities against the mighty possibilities of using a whole life in one of the great moral movements of the world to-day. I remember how Major Robert Stiles, of the Confederate Army, listened to and afterwards took exception to what he said. He was a devout lawyer, and he did not like Dean Wayland's depreciation of their profession. But Dean Wayland stood to his guns. contending that

after all the men that did the world's greatest work were the men who buried their lives supremely in the great moral and spiritual forces that are shaping and transforming the world. These things, the silent activities, the great moral activities, are the forces that dominate and control and give shape to human history.

If I were not a sort of guerilla preacher, I would go into the regular ministry, because I believe that the ministry of the Church offers to men the finest opportunity open to any man to make his whole life tell in distinctively spiritual service. And if I could not go into the Christian ministry, I think I would be a teacher, because it seems to me that those two professions, with least incumbrance, with least impediment, with least secular hindrance, release the whole of a man's moral force upon the moral characters of men and women around about him, and give him the opportunity to make his whole self felt in the way in which a man's life can accomplish most for the good and upbuilding of the world.

All this ought to bring nearer home to us the great truth of the significance of the inconspicuous and the unobserved. After all, if we would only examine our own lives closely, we should see that it was not the great or the spectacular, the significant or the important thing that had accomplished very much in shaping and giving direction to our lives. Something very little probably determined our choice of college or university. Something very little

brought every man of us into the Christian life. Once we begin to examine our lives, we see that practically all the great things of our lives have flowed out of things so small that we have absolutely forgotten their beginnings.

Great men have for the most part been shaped and directed by just some such unnoticed and obscure thing in their lives. What was it that took James Chalmers, for example, out to the South Seas? Read his biography and you will find that James Chalmers settled the great question of his life as a boy of twelve in a little Scotch Sunday School. Mr. Mackie, the Sunday School superintendent, read from the United Presbyterian Church Missionary Record a letter from one of their missionaries in the South Sea Islands, and when he had finished the letter he leaned down and looked into the faces of the children and said, "I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will yet become a missionary." Like an arrow those words went to James Chalmers's heart, though he told no one of his determination. Years of recklessness followed, but he never lost that purpose. And James Chalmers, the dearest character that Robert Louis Stevenson ever met, was what he was and became what he became, and died the martyr death he died only five or six years ago in the South Seas, because as a lad of twelve that single, obscure, unnoticed influence had gone across his life. What was it that took Coleridge Patteson out to the South Seas? Perhaps the hand of a godly

old man laid on the head of the little English boy as he stood in the hall of his father's house. Bishop Selwyn had been preaching in the church of the neighborhood, and Coleridge Patteson, who was present, was so worked up with enthusiasm for that noble, venerable man, with his heroic career, that he wanted to get up and cry, "God bless him!" Before Bishop Selwyn left he said to Patteson's mother, "Won't you give me Coley?" The memory of his words doubtless went out of Judge Patteson's mind, but the sound of that old man's voice never died in Coleridge Patteson's ears, and years afterwards he went out to his life in the South Seas, partly, at least, because of the touch of that old man's hand on his boyish life in his father's house. And I suspect that if at the end we look back over our lives, we shall see that thing which has determined our career has been some inconspicuous and obscure and unnoticed incident, so inconspicuous, maybe, that it had slipped entirely out of our memory.

It is on this ground, this high ground, that appeal can be made to men to see the divine significance of the trivial things in their lives. "When saw we Thee?" we shall say to Christ at the last. "Me? Why, you saw Me in college, when you talked with that other man and he offered to you the opportunity of your life. You saw Me that day when you stood face to face with that petty temptation and yielded. You have forgotten all about it, but you settled the destiny of your life in that trivial and unobserved

moment." You and I are determining our whole careers by things that appear now of absolutely no consequence. As I look back over my college course, I can see several great turning points in it. One invitation especially I recall, that a man gave me in Delmonico's after a dinner of what we called the Dramatic Association; it is the Princeton Triangle Club now. I look back now at the declination of that invitation as one of the important points in my college career, and I can see that that simple refusal was the determining of a course of action that was to grow into a habit secure. And it will be just so with many of us. A little surrender in a perfectly trivial thing to the lower nature in us is, after all, the whole abdication. Everything flows from that one petty, trivial, unnoticed defeat. I call you to witness that the very judgment-day at last is to turn on absolutely forgotten trivialities. Christ is going to judge men at that day, not by the big things they did, by the things that have got into their biographies, but by things so small that the men can not even remember them themselves. "When saw we Thee?" will be their question. "When did we decide this great issue? We never knew that we were deciding it." And Christ will say: "Just so, it was on that principle that I organized human life, that every decision that men made should be the dominant decision, a controlling decision, a decision making its contribution to their character forever and their eternal destiny."

The thought that some of you will think to-night, after you have lain down on your beds and the lights are out, will be the thought that will give shape and determination to all your character and coming career. It is not the big thing, the conspicuous thing, the noticed thing, that is the really vital and essential thing in our personal lives; it is the little, trivial, inconsequential thing. You remember how Mr. Moody used to put it in his sharp, epigrammatic way. "Men!" he would say, "Character is what a man is in the dark." Yes, character is what a man becomes in the dark, not what a man becomes out on the stage. There is a sense in which it is true, as Tolstoi says, that a man is just a machine, the discharge of a loaded gun the trigger of which has been already pulled. That simply happens which it was foredoomed should happen, and it was foredoomed in the petty and the trivial and the inconsequential and the unnoticed things. That is the reason, it seems to me, a man should keep himself clean. Every time we yield to the sensual taste, however innocent it may appear, we are making our contribution to the strength of the lower life in us, and subtracting from the power of that final character which is the complete subjugation of everything sensual and low. Let the judgment that Christ is to pass upon us at the last, warn us against our failure to behold Him in the trivial and the inconsequential. In that day we shall ask Him, "When saw we Thee?" "Saw Me?" He will answer: "When you lied to that man

in your class in college, you lied to Me. When you struck that man on the athletic field, and the umpire was not looking, you struck Me. When you cheated that widow and her children as you were practicing your profession, you were cheating Me. In all the dishonesty and the dishonor and the meanness of your life you were affronting Me. When saw you Me? In absolutely every trial and testing of your life you faced Me." This life of ours, what is it except just the story of our attitude to Jesus Christ? My bearing to every man is my bearing toward Christ. Every hope and thought and act and practice of mine is a judgment for or against Jesus Christ. In the secrecies of our life we are living against Him or for Him, and at the last we shall be judged in proportion as everything we did was a service of or an affront to the Christ whom we served or spurned in the silences of our lives.

But it is not only a forbidding and terrible truth that we are confronting here. It is also one of the most consoling truths that can come to a man, that conspicuousness, prominence, the eye of the world, are not essential to his doing a man's work. These things cumber a man. Let a man thank God if he is allowed to live his life in oblivion. The more oblivion, the more inconspicuousness that a man can surround his work with, the more likely that work is to be powerful and efficient in the world; for the great service of the world is just the perception

of unperceived opportunity, the vision by men of the Christ whom other men do not see, in the chances and opportunities to which other men are blind. As I have studied the life of Chinese Gordon, it has seemed to me that it must have been this that gave the distinctive zest and glory to his most attractive character. I suppose there was scarcely any man in his time, or perhaps in ours, who more held the worship of the young men of the world than Chinese Gordon. Huxley used to speak of him as one of the two greatest men he ever met, a man of a sort of divine and superhuman unselfishness. What was it that made him great? I will tell you. There are three monuments to Chinese Gordon. There is the statue that stands in Trafalgar Square, with the poor, sad face turned towards the help that was not to come. There is that magnificent inscription on the stone in St. Paul's that I suppose many of you have read. And then there is one other monument finer still. It is a life figure of Chinese Gordon seated on a dromedary, planted in what will some day be the center of the city of Khartoum. It is now in the great gardens just back of the palace. And in that great statue the face of Gordon is not turned toward the Nile, by which he might have escaped; it is not turned toward Egypt, through which help too late was on its way; it is turned, with the face of the dromedary on which he is mounted, out toward the great desert, whose voice he alone heard, whose opportunities he alone saw. That, as New-

bolt puts it in his lines on Gordon, was the real greatness of the man:

"For this man was not great by gold or royal state,
By sharp sword or knowledge of earth's wonder:
But, more than all his race, he saw life face to face,
And heard the still small voice above its thunder."

Rising from those black throats there in the Soudan, Chinese Gordon heard the voice of Jesus Christ calling. He will stand at last among those who, in giving to the thirsty, gave water to Christ; in giving to the hungry, gave bread to Christ; in grasping the great unselfish opportunities of his life, served Jesus Christ his Lord.

And so I make my appeal to you young men and women here to-day. Are you going to choose some half-spiritual, some quarter-moral life-calling, when you have before you the possibility of feeding your life with all its powers into the great moral and spiritual movements of the world, those movements that are really shaping and transforming the world? If you have now a chance to identify your life with one of these, are you going to turn away and deafen your ears to the Christ who is calling, and blind your eyes to the Christ who is standing here?

And, after all, what do we know about what is prominent and what is inconspicuous? We say that a thing is notable, but what do we mean by that? We mean that a few millions of people now think it is notable. What about that great crowd of witnesses around us who look down upon all that goes

on here in this world of ours? How vastly they outnumber this little company here whose knowledge of the thing, we say, makes it great and notable! Our Lord has told us that the day will come when the things whispered in the ear will be proclaimed from the housetop, and when the things spoken in the darkness will be blazed abroad in the light. In that hour, the hidden heart that served Jesus Christ, whom it saw in the unadvertised opportunities that came to it, in the inconspicuousness and the oblivion that are essential to the highest moral power, will be shown to be the great and the potent life. Well will it be for us if in that day when we face Christ we can say: "O Lord, I recognized Thee there; I saw Thee in those opportunities; I was not one of the deceived. *When* saw I Thee? All through my life I saw Thee, and I laid out my life for Thee." If something should cut our life off short to-night, could we say that? How do we know that something will not cut it off short very soon? For my part, I would pray for grace so to live that though like the sharpness of the sun-setting the end should come, I should be able to say that I had seen Christ here long before I saw Him there. How can we tolerate any other principle?

I trust that the line of thought we have been following has made it clear that the invisibility of the forms of influence, the use of which constituted the highest forms of service in Jesus' view, does not make those forms of influence unimportant. On the

other hand, their invisibility is the sign of their superior power. I heard Professor Peabody in Appleton Chapel, at Harvard, some years ago speaking on the words of our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount, "Ye are the salt of the earth. Ye are the light of the world." And he told of a horseback journey which his friend Professor Thayer and he had taken across Asia Minor down to the Mediterranean Sea. For some days they had ridden along through a desolate country, now and then passing through villages which were mere collections of half underground hovels. The children played in rags and filth in the streets. The women fled half clad at the approach of a man, and all was poverty and wretchedness. Then one day they suddenly drew rein in a village of a totally different character. The homes were neat and thrifty; the children clean and intelligent; the women, neatly dressed, stood unabashed in their doorways, and a general air of well-being and self-respect prevailed. Professor Peabody said that he and his friend at once noted the difference and exclaimed upon it. On inquiry they learned that this new village was just fifty miles away from the nearest mission station, which had been established just fifty years, and whose influence had radiated out at the rate of about a mile a year, working transformation where it came. But who saw it move across the desert? What hand could have felt it? It was absolutely nebulous and intangible, that moving influence; but none the less powerful on that

account; on that account all the more powerful because irresistible in its progress and in the subtlety and persistence of its action.

Because service is a moral and spiritual influence, a passing of life sacrificially upon life, it is the greatest and strongest thing in the world. Furthermore, it is within the reach of every one. No quality of Christian character can be essential that is not possible to every man. There are some who think they can do nothing, but the sort of service of which I am speaking is within the reach and duty of all. Gordon ever dwelt on this. "We are much more important than we have any idea of," he wrote to his sister from the Soudan in 1875. "Nothing is trivial that is unseen; it is only the material things of life that are of no import." "I am more and more convinced," he wrote from the Soudan two years later, "that the actions we see done are but trifles in comparison with the thoughts that fill us." And from Aden he wrote in 1880, "What we need is a profound faith in God's ruling all things; it is not the Duke or Lord Beaconsfield, it is He alone who rules. Napoleon, in a book lent me by Watson, says 'the smallest trifles produce the greatest results.'" In a world like ours no one may know the limit of the power he is exerting; each of us may be sure that in every expenditure of time and strength and life to influence others, to "catch men," as Jesus said, we are in the way of effecting vast results. In his essay on *Why Do Men Stupefy Themselves?* Tolstoi says of

Brulof, a celebrated Russian painter, that he "one day corrected a pupil's study. The pupil having glanced at the altered drawing, exclaimed, 'Why, you only touched it a tiny bit, but it is quite another thing!' Brulof replied, 'Art begins where the tiny bit begins.' That saying," says Tolstoi, "is strikingly true, not of art alone, but of all life. One may say that true life begins where the tiny bit begins—where what seem to us minute and infinitely small alterations take place. True life is not lived where great external changes take place, where people move about, clash, fight, and slay one another; but it is lived only where these tiny, infinitesimally small changes occur." In other words, each quiet man and woman who is going about using life to help other lives is living the great life and wielding the great power.

But it is objected to this ideal of life not only that it is nebulous and intangible, but that there is no money in it. And that is a fatal objection in our day. Men need money. Life is more rich and exacting. And all things cost more. Not only has the list of necessities immensely expanded, but there are so many new toys, motor cars, and games of many kinds, very good and wholesome in many ways, which eat up money as the parched ground drinks rain. All around us are people with ease and leisure, nice people and kind and high-minded who have time to be nice and cultured and kind because, as a socialist put it, other people are willing to go without leis-

ure and to slave. But many of those who are thus slaving are doing it in the hope in time of winning their own wealth. If there is money in the job it is popular; if there is no money in it, the man who takes it must have a dash of the fanatic in him. Well, probably he has. People thought the Savior had in His day and His disciples after Him. There was no money in "catching men" for any of them. One of them made a little out of a transaction over a man, but the amount was small, only thirty silver pieces, and, on second thought, the bargain sickened him so that he made way with himself. None of the others ever made a farthing out of the business. And there is no money in it to-day, but money is not one of the essentials of Christian character, and if any one thinks it is the indispensable thing, I fear he will be disgusted with the view that truth and purity and service are not to be mentioned in the same breath with it.

Not only is there no money in the pursuit of Christ's ideal of a ministering life, but there are many disappointments in it. Jesus Himself found it so. He came to His own, we are told sadly, and His own received Him not. By truth and by life God had for centuries wrought at the education of Israel, in part to prepare a vocabulary for the Gospel, without which it could not be uttered in men's speech, in part to prepare a nucleus of men to receive the new truth and life which were to come in the Gospel. The vocabulary was ready when Jesus

came, but the number of men who were prepared to apprehend the new meanings which were now to expand the old terms was disappointingly few. The education of the nation as a whole had failed. Even God seemed to have laid out His life in vain. And Jesus had the same crushing experience throughout. He would heal ten lepers. Only one would repay His priceless service with a word of thanks. Some hearts which He met He coveted for the life that is life, and they failed Him. His own disciples misconceived His purposes and were blind alike to His intimations and His plainest teachings. They all abandoned Him at the last and He died a pitiful and shameful death alone. But He never lost faith in His method and ideal, and the results have vindicated Him. The man who would follow Christ will indeed have to follow Him. He will pour out his life where the sacrifice seems to be fruitless and His service will often be a suffering, and it will seem to him nothing more.

And the suffering will spring not only from disappointment at the apparently wasted outlay of life, but also from the crushing burden of responsibility. Some one once asked Quintin Hogg, the founder of the Polytechnic Institute in London, who had devoted a great fortune to that enterprise, how much it cost to build up such an institution. "Not very much," was Mr. Hogg's reply, "simply one man's life blood." That is what all service costs. The redemption of the world cost the Savior's life blood.

All Christ-like service must bear the same burden. The men who carry everything easily, to whom life is a sort of jest, who feel the weight of the world's need lightly upon their hearts—how can such men serve with the service whose power is paid for in pain? I do not mean that we are not to serve with pleased hearts and to cream off the hardness of life with playfulness, for I believe we are. That Swede was a Christian man, who was urged by friends to give up the idea of going as a missionary to India because it was so hot there. "Man," he was urged, "it is 120° in the shade." "Vell," said the Swede, in noble contempt, "ve do n't always have to stay in the shade, do ve?" But this is not the same as evading the responsibility of service; it is scorning the evasion. And we may be sure that if there is to be any real service, the heavy sense of burden, the pressure of soul, the consciousness that the price of life is life, must be with the man. It was with Paul and it was what gave him power.

"Oft when the word is on me to deliver,
Lifts the illusion and the truth lies bare;
Desert or throng, the city or the river,
Melts in a lucid paradise of air.

"Only like souls I see the folk thereunder
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly contented in a show of things.

"Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet call,
O to save these, to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all!"

If there are any who will not suffer for others, then Christ's ideal of life and its use will appeal in vain to them. But such turn aside from all life.

> "For all through life I see a cross,
> Where sons of God yield up their breath;
> There is no gain except by loss,
> There is no life except by death;
> There is no vision except by faith,
> Nor glory but by bearing shame,
> Nor justice but by taking blame;
> And that Eternal Passion saith
> 'Be emptied of glory and right and name.'"

I have said before that service is the sacrificial use of life, that is, the divine use. The fact that such service as this is the divinest thing in the world ought in itself to be enough to persuade us to it, but if it is not, what can be said?

Well, it can be said that such a common ideal of life and its purpose furnishes the only basis for the richest friendships. In his address at the inauguration of President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, President Eliot congratulated Dr. Gilman on the association with high-minded and unselfish men, which his profession and new duties would bring to him. "It is a precious privilege," he said, "that in your ordinary work you will have to do only with men of refinement and honor." The nobler the basis of human associations, the richer and more fruitful the relationships between men. And no basis can be nobler than the basis of sacrificial service. Such community of principle makes men one, and gives

them the sweetest and most enduring of bonds. Among the first disciples common ownership of property was a natural and practicable arrangement because that society was so unified by a common devotion and purpose. Oneness of principle and ideal is the supreme unifying influence. No one but a Christian who followed Christ wholly in the purpose and method of His serving life could have written our great classic on friendship. And only Christianity holds the hope of a real human brotherhood.

Such an ideal of life not alone opens up the possibility of the truest human intercourse, but also of that unselfish ministry to others which is the closest bond between souls. "Hearts I have won," says St. Paul in one of our noblest poems:

> "Hearts I have won of sister and of brother
> Quick on the earth or hidden in the sod,
> Lo! every heart awaiteth me, another
> Friend in the blameless family of God."

What gift can one man give to another, comparable with the gift of his own life? How can men be more closely related than by soul and by that communion of soul springing from the impartation of life? Paul's letters are full of his deep and joyous consciousness of this. He and his converts are one, the sufferings and blessings of each are shared by all; no sacrifice is too great for any one to make for another; they are one body jointly framed together and compacted by that which each several part supplieth. And what was true then was true then be-

cause it is always true. The fullest human intercourse is between men who have helped one another to God, or one of whom has led the other to life.

And this service to which Christ calls his men is the only use of life which leaves any permanent residuum. Nothing else lasts. All use of life upon material ends alone can not survive the inevitable decay of the materials on which it wrought. There are great and noble material achievements and one can not resist a feeling of envy at those who have wrought them. Take for example the "Peryar project" of South India. The irrigation engineers of the British Government diverted a large river which had poured its treasure of water westward into the Arabian Sea, so that it ran eastward over a thirsty land and ultimately emptied into the Bay of Bengal on the opposite side of India. Dr. Jones tells of this great work in his admirable book on India, *Krishna or Christ,* and he adds: "It embraces the second largest dam in the world, a tunnel one and one-fourth miles through the mountain, and many meters of distributing channels. It will irrigate at least 150,000 acres for rice cultivation, and will feed 400,000 people. I live in the heart of the region thus fertilized and know the joy of the residents, who also stand astonished before the magic power of the white people who do for them what, they say, even their gods failed to accomplish." Achievements like this are worth while. But after all, how long will they last? How long will their good effects last? There

will come a day when all such projects, bridges, tunnels, material feats of whatsoever kind, will be rolled up as a man rolls up a garment, or a scrap of paper to throw away. But life does not end. Whatever we do in life we do for eternity. All the soul a man lays out on other souls is work done forever. And the material achievements are well enough as contrivances to pay expenses, but the life of a man can not be in a trade or in any material accomplishments, however great and beneficial. It must be in what he does besides this and back of this to mould life. "My trade," said an anarchist in Chicago with a prophet-soul, "my trade is that of a shoemaker. My calling is a propagandist." Every life should have the spirit of the propagandist in it. That is the spirit of service by which a life takes its principles, dips them in its heart's blood and then lays them all quivering upon the hearts of other men. Such work abides forever.

And because it supports the highest friendship and the richest intercourse and lasts forever in its result, this ideal of a serving life is also and accordingly the only thing that can really and fully satisfy. Keen and heavy as the disappointments of our Lord's life were, He yet lived and died a satisfying and satisfied life. At the close of it as He looked back He gave expression to His satisfaction. He had fulfilled His mission. He had done His work. He was sustained by the nourishment of the great principle of service by which He lived. That had been His

meat and His drink. He was entirely content. "It is finished," was one of His last words. He had satisfactorily completed the living of His life. No expenditure of life upon things can ever give this satisfaction.

This satisfaction is denied to no man. Not every man is called to professional Christian service in the ministry or any similar calling, but every man is called to live his life for life whatever his occupation may be. There are many men in professional Christian service who are living the material life. They are engrossed in the formal methods of their work, in the ceremonial of their worship, in their habiliments or performances, and so far as they live in and for these things they are not living by this ideal of service. That is an ideal of *life* and any man who lives by it lives a Christlike life, no matter what his business or trade.

And there are no degrees of glory or nobility in the living of this life. One man has no superior honor because his service is more notable or far-reaching than another man's. The one essential thing is the full acceptance by the man of the principle. All who accept it with equal sincerity and are ruled by it with equal conscientiousness live with equal honor and nobility. "Every one," wrote Gordon to his sister from Joppa in 1883, "is doing work quite as important as any one else, whether on a sick bed or as Viceroy of India; it is our folly which makes us think otherwise."

Many of us cause ourselves distress by our misconceptions here. We exalt the framework above the inward principle, and think that one man's mission and service are nobler than another man's because the setting of his life is more notable or glorious; but God has, of course, His own purpose for each life and man's estimate of the comparative attractiveness of different forms is of no relevancy. The one essential thing is to find God's dominant desire for us and to subject our lives and all their ways to that. Whether one man or another man is assigned a particular work is of no consequence. The vital thing is that each man realize that his life is an assignment of God, whatever the assignment may be. So the work is done, the service rendered, what matter is it who has the name and the fame of it, if only we did cleanly the part which God gave us to do? Our good Christian poet has put it in a Christian way in *My Triumph:*

"Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

"Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

"What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?

"Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own!"

Into this living divinely-appointed service men are meant to pour their lives unwithholdingly. From His boyhood, our Lord went earnestly about His Father's business. In His manhood the zeal of His Father's house consumed Him. His own words best express the spirit in which His duty was done. "I must work the works of Him which sent me while it is day, for the night is coming when no man can work." And His work was the lavish outlay of Himself upon men. The bread which He gave was His flesh for the life of the world. The water which He gave was His blood for the thirst of the world. Without stint He poured out Himself and while still a young man fulfilled His work. "I have the lines drawn and the current flowing," said Samuel Bowles once when his friends remonstrated with him and urged him to lay down his work, "and by throwing my weight here now I can count for something. If I made a long break or parenthesis to get strong, I should lose my opportunity. No man is living a life worth living unless he is willing, if need be, to die for somebody or something." Indeed, all true living is a dying, a passing out of a man's life from him daily into the lives of others. It must of necessity be an intense thing. The very idea of real service as a communication of life precludes the idea of tameness and torpor.

And now I put the question: Is this service a characteristic of our Christian manhood? Are we conceiving of our lives and their use in this great way? This we may be sure was what life was given to us for us. It was not given for ease or for pleasure.

"'T is not for man to trifle; life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we,
One, only one,
How earnest should that one life be,
That narrow span;
Day after day spent in blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil."

And we should use life for that for which it was given to us; to serve God and men by its living expenditure. Shall we make this our purpose: "I will make the expenditure of my life, not control over other lives, the principle of my work? I will do no harm with my life. I will live it for life, for the enlargement of life, for the eternal glory of life unending, in me and others." This is the Christian ideal which is the will of God for us all. That will is full character. For that will we were made.

I can not express it more nobly than in good old Professor Simpson's words, as a year ago he laid down his chair in the medical school of the University of Edinburgh and the deanship of the medical faculty,

and presented the graduating class of the year for their degrees: "It may chance," said he, "that some July day far down the century, when I have long been in the ether, one or other of you will talk with child or grandchild of the years when the century was young. Among its unforgotten scenes there will rise before your mind the memory of the day when at last you burst the chrysalis shell of pupilage to lift free wings into the azure. You will recall the unusual concurrence of the simultaneous leave-taking of the University by the graduates and their promoter. 'We came away,' you will say to the child, 'a goodly company all together through the gateway that leads to the rosy dawn. He passed out all alone through the door that looks to the sunset and the evening star. He was an old man like me,' I forehear you say, 'not in himself a great man. He had been the friend of great men and came out of a great time in the nineteenth century "when there was midsea and the mighty things" and it looked to the men of his generation as if old things had passed away and a new world begun. And he told us that the great lesson he had learned on his way through life was the same that the disciple who leaned on Jesus' breast at supper taught to the fathers, the young men, and the little children of his time, when he said, "The world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."' "

FREEDOM

The Necessity of a Margin

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood and stone
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
'E keeps 'is side arms awful: 'e leaves 'em all about,
An' then comes up the regiment an' pokes the 'eathen out.
All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less,
All along of abby-nay, kul, and hazar-jo,
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!

—Rudyard Kipling, "*The 'Eathen.*"

He could practice abstinence, but not temperance.—Boswell, "*The Life of Samuel Johnson.*

IV

FREEDOM

In political geography there are two kinds of boundaries, established and unestablished. Between Persia on the north and Russia on the south, for example, the boundary is settled and determined. Everybody knows which is which. But between Persia on the west and Turkey on the east the boundary can scarcely be said even yet to be fixed. There is no land there that is no man's land. All that there is belongs either to Persia or Turkey, but regarding parts of it there have been and are now disputes as to whether this strip is Persia's or Turkey's. And the people living in such debated territory may be in doubt as to whether they really live in Persia or Turkey. As a matter of fact, almost all important boundary lines in political geography, especially national boundaries, are now well established. They became so readily and naturally matters of dispute, that by mutual arrangement, by friendly commission, by arbitration, or by war, practically all the great boundaries have been settled.

But established boundaries themselves are of two kinds, defined and undefined. Between Persia and Russia on the northwest, for example, the boundary

is marked by the Aras River and is evident to every one; but on the northeast it is not marked at all. It is simply a surveyed line running across a desert country, established, but invisible. Or to take an illustration nearer home. Between the State of Ohio and the State of Kentucky the boundary is established and defined. Any one crossing from one State into the other would know it, if not otherwise, by the fact of his wet feet. But between the State of Ohio and the State of Indiana, while the boundary is equally well established, it is not defined at all to the traveler. Any man might easily pass from one state into the other without knowing that he had crossed the line and without intending to do so at all.

These characteristics and distinctions in political boundaries can be carried right over into the intellectual and moral life. Between mathematical truth and mathematical error, for example, the boundary is absolutely fixed. Any man with the adequate equipment to locate it will have no difficulty in drawing the exact line. But between sanity and insanity there is no such established boundary, and with reference to some particular case two equally capable and equally conscientious alienists might differ as to whether the man was actually insane or sane.

And so likewise in the moral life. Between abstinence and temperance, not only in the matter of drink, but in all questions, there is a boundary line both established and defined. No one will ever have any difficulty in perceiving this line. A blind man

can locate it. But between temperance and excess there is no such line at all, and a man may pass from the country of temperance into the country of excess without any intention of doing so, with indeed the firmest purpose to do nothing of the kind. It is the invisibility of its boundaries that makes the moral danger of residence in the land of temperate indulgence so fearfully greater than the Spartan citizenship of total abstinence. Men do not mean to go over from temperance to excess. As a matter of fact I suppose that almost no one ever deliberately goes over the boundary into excess, meaning to do so. He only gets over because the boundary line which he has crossed was unmarked and undetectable.

Now I suppose that most of the moral boundaries of life are of this unestablished, or if established, undefined kind. There are, of course, many moral boundaries clearly defined and so unmistakably plain that no one is excusable in transgressing them. The line between pure and impure acts is one of these. As a debater in Parliament once suggested, there can not be such a thing as moderate chastity. The line between truth and falsehood is another. All on one side of such boundary lines is fair and legitimate, and all on the other wrong and unallowable. A man may venture right up to the boundary with no fear of possible error or of danger, because near forbidden ground. The wall or chasm between the two spheres is a reminder of their separation so effective that the man of right will is in no danger of stepping across

unwittingly or negligently. But there are other moral distinctions that are not so clearly defined. Between the open country of what is unquestionably right and the open country of what is unquestionably wrong, there is no difficulty in distinguishing; between the heart of the open country of the unquestionably right and the heart of the open country of the unquestionably wrong there is a difference as of noonday and of midnight, but near the boundary the two shade off into each other. There is either no line at all, or if there is one it is undefined, and we may wander over from one land into the other with no hindrance, with nothing to remind us where we are or whither we are going, and with no purpose of crossing the line at all.

Most questions of adaptation and expediency are of this character. How far shall we accept the ways of others and adjust ourselves to them in order to acquire influence over them and lift them up to our ideals and convictions? Where is the boundary line between patience and pity toward those who err, and reprobation of their errors? Where is the line between a proper Christian charity, given unstintedly to the needy, and the development of the spirit of self-help and of the duty of bearing one's own burdens? It is, I repeat, in many moral problems just as it is in physical geography. Between two lands there may be a mountain range so bold as to be impassable, and between two other lands there will be no boundary barrier at all, but only an imaginary

line which only surveyors can discover, running across an intermediate country, uniform and similar on both sides of the line, though the diverse characters of the divided lands may be absolutely clear and distinctive.

And it is not only in questions of moral expediency, it is also in questions of moral principle that we have the two types of boundaries. There are divergences of principle radical and unmistakable. All agree that certain allowable things fall on one side of the line and certain forbidden things on the other. The Ten Commandments are an illustration of one of the great decisive chasms separating true ways from false. There is here no intermediate marginal land of twilight and uncertainty. And Jesus strove to establish as many of these sharp moral distinctions as possible. Many men like to gloss over these distinctions; Jesus never. He dispelled illusion and self-confusion and laid bare the essential moral issues of life. He drew as fine and sharp and incisive as possible the separating ethical distinctions. He repeatedly set off in keenest and most discriminating contrast His own standards and spirit with the standards and spirit of the world, and He appealed to men to commit themselves fearlessly and uncompromisingly to His principles. But Jesus recognized also that there were many questions where it was not and is not easy to perceive the line of boundary or separation, and He dealt patiently with inquiries addressed to Him by those who were perplexed in such

matters. He realized that in practical life most of our problems are not problems of sharp division between two clearly distinguished courses, one obviously right and the other obviously wrong. He knew that the discipline of our life is found in the way we act toward the open and debatable things, in the attitude we take up toward the problems of the unestablished or undefined boundary.

And here according to His wont, He issued no prescriptive rule. He set forth His view in what might be called the principle of the margin. If there was, as there usually is, a middle marginal land open to debate, Jesus urged that the wise course was to stay far enough over on the safe side to be out of the uncertain fog of the border territory. "Master," asked one, "if my brother sin against me, shall I forgive him? Shall it be seven times?" "Seventy times seven," was the reply. Was it not possible for a man to follow Christ and still cling to some remnants of his old life? "If any man will come after Me let him deny himself and take us his cross and follow me." "If thou wouldst be perfect, go, sell all that thou hast and come, follow me." The Lord believed in discipleship whose devotion was unskimped. He believed also in character which took no risks of compromise. "It were better for a man," He urged, "to give up a hand or eye and enter into life maimed or blind, than having two hands or two eyes to miss it." And he twice put His principle in the matter into very vivid and characteristically simple

statements: "If any man will compel thee to go one mile with him, go with him two." "When ye shall have done all those things that are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants, we have done that which it was our duty to do."

Jesus, of course, illustrated His principle in His own life. He did not seek to see how near the edge He could come. He kept clear of the moral boundaries. He lived His life with a margin, out in the open of unmistakable purity and integrity. Paul followed his Master's principles in these matters. He would run no risks of moral trespass. He saw no harm for example in eating meat that had been offered to idols. But others felt conscientious scruples on this point. If, Paul declared, his eating meat was open to the possibility of offending such people, he would stop such indulgence on his part at once, and completely and forever. Some people would have delayed and argued. It is easy to outline their argument. "It is not wrong in itself to do this. My own conscience is clear. What does it matter that another man can not bear what I can. Let him abstain. I can indulge. Furthermore, I can avoid publicity. It will not be known. It is my personal affair. I can do it privately. What harm will it do if it is known and objected to by some? It will soon be forgotten and the chance that it will hurt any one is negligible. Moreover, we need more liberty in these things. It is bad to concede to narrowness. It is drawing lines too tight to exclude what is

really innocent. Even if it is an open question, surely there must be a recognition of a belt of debatable land in these questions between the right that is obvious and obligatory, and the wrong that is patent and prohibited. In that middle country there must be considerable freedom allowed and each man should be left to decide for himself there, uncoerced by any supposed principle obtruded where everything should be a matter of personal liberty." This is the familiar form of reply. Not so, we answer. There is a great principle which obtrudes itself because it is in our moral nature. Paul acted on it in this matter of his personal indulgences. Our Lord pressed it on men and presses it on us. It is the principle of the moral margin, of staying away from the doubtful borders, of keeping open country between ourselves and the possible boundaries. I have spoken of truth, purity, and service as essentials of Christian character. I am going on now to urge that these things are necessary with a bonus, and that with reference to the entire life the right principle and the essential principle is the principle of the moral margin. No other principle will cover life's necessities.

It will be easy to illustrate the principle in its application to life and then to set forth the solid and convincing reasons for it.

Consider it first of all in the matter of duty. There are men and women who seem to think that you can calculate duty to a nicety, and who are willing to pay down just exactly the full toll of their

duty, not a fraction over and not a fraction less. But you can not calculate duty in any such nice mathematical way, and no worthy life can be lived on the principle of such Shylock calculations, nor any public duty faithfully done. What would be thought, for example, of a fire company, which when an alarm came in would first try to calculate precisely the nature and extent of its duty in the circumstances, which perhaps kept an actuary in the fire-house for the purpose, who would telephone to the scene of the supposed fire to make sure whether there was a fire which it would be the company's duty to attend, or how far it had progressed and the time it would take to reach it, so that the company might know how much longer it could loiter playing dominoes before starting, and still arrive before the fire had gone beyond control? Rather at the first alarm, every man leaps to his place and his work, and the effort is to arrive with the widest possible margin between them and the edge of their duty. If there were any way of knowing where fires were going to break out, they would be there in advance of the fire. And the same principle of the margin of duty applies to personal life. At the outbreak of the war between Russia and Japan, I had among my friends in this country a Japanese theological student in the seminary at Auburn, N. Y. Two or three years ago he came to this country with a letter of introduction from a friend, asking me to aid him to an education. He was a cavalry lieutenant in the second line of the

Japanese reserves, and my friend said he was one of the best young Japanese he had met. There had been in the Hill School at Pottstown, Pa., resident for some years, a young Japanese of the finest Christian character, who had recently died, leaving a blessed and beloved memory, and for the sake of this Tozo Ohno, Professor Meigs generously took Lieutenant Rempei Minami into the school. By his genial unselfishness and his flawless honor and fidelity, Rempei endeared himself to every one, and in two years, after perfecting his English there, he went on to Auburn. The war broke out as he was entering. Within a few weeks he came to see me in New York to ask for help to return to Japan, giving his promise, which was as good as gold, that he would repay it. I sent him to Mr. Uchida, the Japanese Consul-general, but he was unable to promise more to the many Japanese who desired to return to fight for their country, than that his government would care for them after they reached Japanese soil. It was not hard, however, to find several men who regarded the contribution of a soldier to the armies of Japan as a good missionary investment, and Rempei started home. I asked him why he was in such a hurry. It would be some time before his line of the reserves would be called out. Yes, he said, he knew that, but he had received letters from his father and from his prospective father-in-law, who both said that any son of theirs would be on hand not when he was called for, but in advance of his duty. That was exactly to Rempei

Minami's own mind, and he went to be there with a margin to spare. I heard from him in the depths of the winter from the Manchurian campaign. I was told by a Japanese that he had lost a hand from the rigors of the winter. He fought with Oku's division in the fiercest fighting of the battle of Mukden. I did not know for some time whether he had returned to Japan or was filling a soldier's grave on the plains of Manchuria, but I did know that whether he was living or dead, like the Christian man that he was, he did his duty and something more. This is the law of the Christian character.

Consider it in the second place in the matter of fidelity and business honesty. There are men and women who think that all that is required of them is to live up to the standards of the community or of the social set in which they move. There is a public morality which is content with the evasion of indictment, or, at least, of conviction under the criminal statutes. "There are men," said Mr. Roosevelt in once of his Southern speeches, "who do not divide actions merely into those that are honest and those that are not, but create a third subdivision, that of 'law honesty,' of that kind of honesty which consists in keeping clear of the penitentiary." Men who think that all that is required of them is to keep within the letter of the law constitute one of the most dangerous classes of our population. And lawyers who sell their brains to show other men how to do wrong things without running the risk of punish-

ment for it are among our most conspicuous national enemies. The laws of the land interpreted as skillful paid counsel of unpatriotic men may get them interpreted, are no fit standards for a man. He wants a big margin of decency and righteousness over this,—a big margin even over those standards interpreted in the noblest way. "Law honesty" comes a long margin short of being honesty, plain common honesty. That is "law honesty" with a big margin over. And there are people who think that nothing more is required of men and women in private life than compliance with the common social code. Mr. Kato, when president of the University of Tokyo, is reported to have made a speech in which he said that young men ought to be content with the standards embodied in the laws. There was something grotesque, in his view, in a young man's exacting more of himself than this. But in the Christian view it is grotesque to be satisfied with so little. The Christian ideals of fidelity and honesty take society's ideals and double them.

We live in a day when this Christian principle of the margin of honesty in business relations ought to be driven home into the conscience. There was an interesting interview with Mr. John W. Gates in the *New York Sun* for August 16, 1902. Mr. Gates is one of our most conspicuous, some would say one of our most notorious speculators, and he set forth frankly his ethical conceptions: "They talk about suppressing or doing away with gambling. They

might as well try to do away with the wind. Men have always gambled and always will, and if I had my way, I 'd license gambling as saloons are licensed. I 'd do this because I think it 's right. Marshall Field once told me that he always tried to be right 51 per cent of the time. That same Marshall Field is one of the greatest business men in this country, and, I believe, the third richest man in the world." Now one may be allowed to doubt whether Mr. Field ever said anything of the kind to Mr. Gates. Mr. Field was an honest man in business; 100 per cent—no more. It is said that he would not go one hair's breadth beyond the line of scrupulously exact obligation, but he would not fall a hair breadth short. He had no margin. When Mr. Gates said he was honest 51 per cent of the time, I imagine it was simply a bit of ingenuous autobiography on Mr. Gates's own part, only the popular impression prevails that Mr. Gates sometimes gets the one per cent on the other side of the line. But 51 per cent will not satisfy the Christian ideal. Neither will 100 per cent. The Christian pound is short at sixteen ounces, and no eight-hour day is recognized in the Christian code. I have a friend who is a graduate of Yale and one of the heads now of a great Western banking house. He told me once that on leaving Yale and applying for a job in this house he was accepted as one of the office boys. It was menial drudgery. He left home at 5.30 in the morning and he got back at 8.30 in the evening. The ordinary labor union would not

stand for such fidelity and industry in its membership. My friend worked for a long time in this way, getting to the office ahead of time, staying after hours, and when at last a boy dropped out he went to his superior and said, "You do not need to employ another boy in that boy's place; let me do his work as well as my own." So he kept on until he was doing several boys' work. Then they gave him a man's job. He behaved with that as he had behaved with the other, and when he had done for some time the work of a number of men, he went up into the firm. The boys with no margin of faithfulness stayed where they were. I know one business office where the stenographers are graded and their pay determined by their grade. The classification states that the stenographers shall go up from one class into the higher when they do not run by the clock, when they begin of their own accord before nine in the morning and wait, if the work requires, of their own accord after five in the afternoon. "There are several classes of young men," said Mr. Carnegie in an address before a graduating class in New York City. "There are those who do not do all their duty; there are those who profess to do their duty, and there is a third class far better than the other two, that do their duty and a little more. . . . No one can cheat a young man out of success in life. You young lads have begun well. Keep on. Do n't bother about the future. Do your duty and a little more, and the future will take care of itself." God will care for the man who cares enough for Him to seek a right-

eousness with a margin; not a righteousness of Scribe, Pharisee, or Sadducee, ancient or modern.

Consider in the third place this principle of margin in questions of moral habit and social practice. I mean such things as social deception, as the observance or lack of observance of the Lord's-day, the lighter forms of drinking and the petty kinds of gambling that are held to be innocent of harm. Those of you who are clever can easily make additions to this list. I could do so myself, but I am afraid of diverting attention from the principle. Now there are some who would say up and down that these things are wrong. That is what the Puritan temper would say about them, and for my part I believe in the Puritan temper. But I waive all that now. All that I will say is that regarding these things all Christians admit that there is at least room for difference of opinion, and that it may be open to dispute as to whether Christians should do them or not. I ask no more than this admission. My point is that what is open to dispute is not open to indulgence. If the thing is questionable, it is unquestionably wrong to the man who believes in being right with a margin to spare. For Christians are not people who are trying to see how close to the debatable line they can live without going over indisputably to the wrong side. They are children of the day, who live in the open sunlight, and who are happy only when they have a comfortable margin between themselves and all that is open to doubt.

And men perceive the value of a margin in their personal habits, who do not regard the matter from the point of view of Christian freedom. At one of the annual dinners of the Periodical Publishers' Association, I sat next to the proprietor of one of our best known magazines. On the other side of him sat a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and beyond him other men of like prominence and influence with these two. During the dinner, I noticed that only one man in the row on our side of the table was drinking. I called the magazine publisher's attention to the fact and asked him if he did not think it unusual. "No," he said, "I do not think it is. Our life is at too high a tension now. When everything may hang upon a sudden decision at an unexpected moment, a man can't afford to take any chances." He needs his margin of safety.

There are some virtues which are possible only in an extreme form, a form which puts the margin of a world between them and their opposite vices; the chastity of men and women, the sanctity of the home, the honest administration of public and private trust, personal probity of character. These are themselves only when carried to excess and protected by an immeasurable margin from evil and lapse.

And fourthly, to pick out but one more form of illustration, consider the principle of the margin in the matter of character. There are men and women who carry a character reserve, and there are men and women who carry none. Visiting one of

our great New England preparatory schools not long ago, I walked out with the head of the school, after the morning service in the school chapel, into the beautiful surrounding country. As we walked along he was describing in answer to questions, the head of another school. "Yes," he said, "he is a strong and useful man, but he has no adequate reserves. When he has spoken or done his work, you feel that he is all paid out and has no hidden power still to draw upon. There is Mr. ———, however," he went on, "who does his work with the same impact and power, but even after he has fired his last shot you know that he has another shot in his locker still. He carries immense reserves." This is the explanation of the difference we often feel but can not describe between men. It is also the secret of power. Power is in proportion to the width of the margin between a man's character reserve and the exactions of his task.

This will suffice in the way of illustration, to make clear our Lord's principle of the necessity of the margin in Christian character. His view was that a man is a man when he is a man plus, that a life is a life when there is something to spare, that duty is done only when it is more than done. It is essential to Christian manhood, in other words, that there should be a safe, wide margin between us and the moral boundaries.

The reasons for believing that this principle is essential are solid and convincing.

In the first place, a man can not afford to be

doubted. He can afford to be opposed and disliked and defeated, but he can not afford to be doubted. Any man naturally likes to be liked, and he is glad to have other men share his convictions with him. But he can forego popularity and the acceptance of his views. He can not, however, bear being distrusted. For men to reject his judgment is one thing, for them to deny his sincerity and good faith and moral candor is another. And the only way to be sure of such faith in one's probity and genuineness is to deserve it by an indisputable life, a life so far from the boundaries that no one will ever think of it as capable of transgressing them. If, on the other hand, a man lives so near the boundaries that a night is long enough for him to get over and back without being seen, there will come times when men will suspect that he has been over while they slept. But the man whose constant life is so remote from the line that one night's journey would not carry him across is secure from suspicion. Men may hate him but they can not distrust him. And men are not likely to hate the man of such irreproachable honor. They are the more likely, trusting his unassailable goodness, to want him for a friend.

A generation ago the ideal college man in this country was young William Earl Dodge. He was the third to bear that honored name. Earl he was called, and he bore in his character the nobility of his name. He was a great athlete, a man of charm and power. His wealth gave him the ability to help others, and he used it in the highest and the humblest

Christian spirit. And he passed away just on the threshold of his life as he entered business in New York City. When the news of his death reached Princeton, where he had been graduated in 1879, Dean Murray took occasion in a sermon in Marquand Chapel to point out how he at least had always lived with his margins wide and had held men's love because they trusted him. "He came among us," said the preacher, "bearing an honored name. He has left that name unsullied. . . . His scorn of what was low and bad, which like a shield struck from him every low and insidious temptation, lifted him into a position of moral supremacy. And yet his whole nature was so thoroughly full of kindliness, that he was the man trusted by his compeers, as few were in college, with the general confidence. . . . His Christian character hung on no perilous edge of doubtful practices. He confessed his Savior before men. So throughout his college career, he walked with God and left behind him when he went from us, the blessed memory of a good and Christian name." "His Christian conduct hung on no perilous edge of doubtful practices." Of how many students could that be said? Are there no professed Christian men and women among them whose conduct has hung over that edge, who have even deliberately gone clear over into the forbidden land? What wonder that the world sneers at our Christian protestations and distrusts our Christian character if our lives lose their margin of security!

In the second place, the man is always dependable who is so with a margin,—and no other man. It is the man with the margin of whom you know where he is and how much of him is there. Over the boundaries the mists often hang; even when the line is defined the fogs are over it and men who loiter too near it are lost sight of. Human nature is weak, too, and can not bear too much, and it is dangerous to let it play too near to peril. The utterly and entirely dependable life will stay out and keep itself clear. And the stronger and truer it is the more careful it will be to do this. Men often act on the contrary principle. They argue that they are capable and sagacious and can endure what weaker men cannot. They resent the idea that because they are strong or their calling is worthy, they should guard themselves the more rigorously and deny themselves what weaker men allow. Men in the ministry, for example, often complain because they are expected to be better than other men. Well, they ought not to be better than other men ought to be, but they ought to be better than other men are. And the better they really are, not as ministers but as men, the better any men really are, the more and not the less necessary it is that they should widen their margins. "In proportion to excellence," said Thring, "compromise is impossible. A single leak sinks a great ship. A raft that is all leaks, floats." A bad man can still get along in his class with a margin so narrow that it would be fatal to the good man in his class. One

of the notorious characters in New York for some years has been a lawyer named H———. Bribery and perjury were ordinary tools with him in the operation of his trade of blinding justice and protecting crime and vice. Now suppose H——— should tell another lie. What effect would it have? None at all. It would not affect his character. It could not mar his reputation. What is another hole in a derelict? But suppose Mr. Cleveland should tell a lie. Now a lie is a lie. Its moral quality of badness is the same, no matter who tells it. But if Mr. Cleveland should be found to be a liar, what a collapse of confidence in men, of respect for good reputation there would be? Why? Because men expect a wider margin of the good man. He must stay further away from evil. Compromise is bad for any man; the better the man, the worse it is. To the Christian character it is intolerable. "Give me air and room," pleads the Christian spirit, "keep me off by a margin of peace from the bad lands and the lands that abut on them."

In the third place the moral margin is necessary as a preparation for emergency. The emergencies are inevitable. Students and young men often think that they are fighting the real battle of life and that this once over the later years will be tranquil and free. The younger years are the determinative years, when habit is fixd and principle established, but every year will bring its own necessities, and as the years pass new emergencies come upon us. Woe to the

men and women who have made no preparation for them, the foolish virgins who have taken no oil and who, with unlit lamp and ungirt loin, await the new trial with no reserves. Everywhere except in the moral life men are wiser than this. The banks carry their surplus and reserve accounts. The business man watches with untiring prevision to be ready for the storm. The nation makes ready in peace for the time of war. Men made no end of fun of Mr. Roosevelt because when Assistant Secretary of the Navy before the war with Spain, he kept the typewriters forever pounding in his office. But he was simply doing his part to widen the margin of our national preparation for that impending conflict. When the Spanish ships were examined after the battle of Santiago, it was discovered that the Spaniards had made no adequate preparation at all. The ships were full of inflammable material, and the water pipes for extinguishing fires had so rusted in their connections as to be useless. On the American ships before ever war had begun, the carpenters cut out every inch of wood work and all that could burn. All water pipes were in perfect order. We were ready and the war was settled before ever a gun had been fired, because our margin of preparation for emergencies was wider than Spain's.

In mechanics we are familiar with this principle of a margin of safety to provide against emergencies, and we take the greatest pains to have the margin as sure and wide as possible. At Columbia Uni-

versity there is an interesting little building whose sole purpose is to test that margin in the case of alleged fire-proof flooring materials. The floor to be tested is built into this building as a roof. "Under it is built a fierce fire, averaging 1700° Fahrenheit, sometimes reaching 2000°. This is kept up for four hours, while delicate instruments measure the heat of the floor and its sagging under a load of pig iron, 150 pounds to the square foot. Then water is turned on the whole, and after the floor has cooled, a weight of 600 pounds to the square foot is placed upon it. If it stands this tremendous test, the floor system is approved. Several have already stood it. Now no floor, in actual use, would meet such enormous heat, so long continued, or be placed under such terrific strain. Why is the test made so severe? Because when human life is at stake, no 'margin of safety' is too great." Suppose it should be discovered that the Brooklyn Bridge will bear only one pound weight more than is to be put upon it to-day. The bridge is perfectly safe, but the instant this discovery was made the bridge would be shut up at each end. All traffic would be instantly stopped. Why? The bridge is safe. Yes, but the margin is too narrow. There is no preparation for emergency, for unforeseeable strain. This is the way men act for the protection of human bodies. Shall they be less careful, more reckless, blind to essential principles of life, in their care for human souls? Does not the soul need its margin of safety as well as the body?

A man who has worked and lived for many years down town in New York City told me that one night about one o'clock he was coming home along the deserted streets when he met a police officer of his acquaintance. They walked along together and my friend unthinkingly walked in close to the stoops of the houses and the dark area-ways beneath them. As soon as he noticed it, the police officer turned to him and said, "You ought not to do that, Mr. H———; you ought to know better than to walk in there at night. Come out and walk along the curb with me. Don't you know that it is just in those dark areaways that men lurk to jump out on you? Walk here along the curb and keep a space between you and those places. There are two advantages in this. In the first place you have time to get ready for your assailant, and in the second place you have a chance to sound an alarm." And yet there are men who will deliberately walk along the moral cellar-ways of life, and women who will maintain acquaintances and associations which leave them no margin of safety for preparation or alarm. I urge, therefore, in behalf of our soul's highest safety and for its foreguarding for the time of peril, the principle of the liberal distance from the line.

And fourthly, the moral margin is necessary if we would be free to live a real life at all. We are delivered by it from a host of entanglements and encumbrances. In the matter of amusements there are people with no margin, who are so overlaid and bound

down that they have neither wit nor strength left for real living. There are many issues and problems which throng the border lines of life. Whoever lives on the border lines will be beset by these issues and problems, and a good part of his life will be made up of his dealings with them. Take it in the matter of drinking, for example. How many drinks he can allow himself is no problem to the man who takes none. To the moderate drinker it may become the one mind-consuming question. At a dinner not long ago, I saw a capable young lawyer employed in just this way. He was a moderate drinker and as many moderate drinkers do, he had drunk immoderately. Each time the waiter came behind him to fill his glasses, he argued the question with himself, could he take any more? It would have been ludicrous if it had not been so pathetic. About him men were talking together rationally of questions of reality. All his strength was consumed by the problem of the border. Was he too far over or not? The sane man will rid himself of all such issues at once by living wholly aloof from the lines where they arise. Men need all their mind and strength for loving God and doing man's work in the world. They can not afford to waste it in the needless and pitiful debates of the midlands.

When I was a boy I lived in the mountains of Central Pennsylvania, and one of the most exciting sports was deer hunting. It was illegal and unsportsmanlike to run deer with dogs, so we drove them

ourselves. After we had put the men on the runways the rest of us would portion out the country to be driven over. One man would be given the valley and others the hillsides on either side. The valley meant creeping along through the rhododendron thickets, in the fog of the early morning. Each wanted the hillside, and the higher up the better, where the forest thinned out and there were outlooks across the mountains and an uplook into the great blue skies of God. Life's roads which we tread should all be above the thicket and the fog, free from the snarl and hindrance of the low valley and unimpeded and clear, that we may live freely, which alone is life. We have no time to waste on the needless tangle of moral perplexities which we can escape in an instant by the simple elevation of the plane of life, by the thrust of a margin between the snares and the soul.

Yet some men deliberately choose to live down among the unnecessary debates. In them, of course, the debate soon dies away, and they grow accustomed to living with stupefied conscience in land debatable, or even undebatably wrong. The free men freely make themselves slaves. But for security and peace, for the freedom that is real and the quiet not bought with a blinded moral vision or a chloroformed spiritual sense, men need the margin. With the margin intervening, life is at leisure to be lived in its true fullness. Mr. Moody used to tell, in one of his homely, but effective, illustrations, of an apple tree

which grew on the edge of a Northfield orchard, with a branch hanging over the line across the road. Every man and boy who went by took a shy at that tree. It had more sticks and stones flung at it than all the other trees of the orchard combined. And it is ever so with all border line straddlers. Those poor people in the disputed boundary between Persia and Turkey or between Persia and Afghanistan, are subject to the exactions of both sovereignties and the immunities of neither. Will a Christian man choose to subject his life to the absurdities and immoralities of such a principle? The only other is the principle of the margin.

And now, in conclusion, how are we to embody this principle in our lives? Many of you have already been answering that question. One does not need to look far to see how to apply the law of the margin to character and conduct. It applies itself, if we will give it a chance and will not resist that good government of God which does not locate men on the boundaries.

In the first place, we can do more than our duty. In one sense, of course, we can not. It is each man's duty to do all that he can do. No man can do more. But, as a matter of fact, duty is usually a matter of options. A good many different things seem opened to a man's free choice, and he takes and does what he will, and they all seem about equally promising and fruitful. Now in all such choices a man can take the easy or he can take the great and hard.

Under the principle of the margin, a man will not evade any duty because it seems great and hard. In the matter of the missionary duty, for example, some men seek for excuses, and give themselves reasons for believing that they are exempt, and are relieved if they succeed in escaping with an untroubled conscience. Other men press in, attempt to brush away the obstacles and are disappointed if they are turned aside to some less exacting and sacrificial service. This is the Christian spirit. Christian men and women do not try to see how wide a margin they can insert between themselves and sacrifice, but how widely they can protect themselves from the possibility of self-indulgence. They covet earnestly the privilege of heroic duty.

As Christian men and women how are we doing our daily work? Are we doing it as Christ did His, pressed down, good measure, running over, with a margin, or skimped and niggardly, hugging the edge of the task? It is an essential of Christian character that its product should surpass the product of any other type of character. It should beat all other character by a margin, and in nothing more than in the square and surplus fulfilling of the homespun duties of daily toil.

It is this surplus, this margin, which in social relationship constitutes grace and refinement. Courtesy is just the width of the margin between the edge of mere decency and our social ways. The larger the surplus of love over simple decent manners, the

finer the grace. And it is this surplus of duty-doing over common performance that constitutes true power and influence.

We can have no difficulty in seeing the application of the principle in our work, and it is equally clear in our personal moral problems. We are to keep clear of all that is questionable. We are to do better than men require of us. "So society demands so much of you, does it?" says Jesus. "Well, double its demands. Exact twice as much of yourself." Men are not meant to be satisfied with the demands of the standards of their environment, their Church, their age. All the progress of the world has been due to men who were discontented, who required more of themselves than the world asked. The great men are the men who insist on putting a margin between themselves and their age with its limitations, who will not contract themselves into the pettiness of their time. Our Lord broke through the bonds of His day, of all days, of death itself. He was His own law. And He calls us to follow Him. "Come out from the crowd," is His call. "Be a moral aristocrat. Join my nobility of the men with the margin beyond the need." Constantly you hear people asking, "What does common opinion think or approve?" Regarding this or that practice they inquire, "Is this practice sanctioned by Christian people?" What under the sun does it matter what people think or sanction? Well, it matters something. We ought to scorn to demand less of ourselves than the crowd

expects of us. But we ought also to scorn to demand as little. We were meant to transcend the crowds, to live by our own high laws, at a loftier altitude than the conventions of the small. The open life, the high life, the free life, the life with its broad margins of deliverance is the only life for us, the life where

> "My heart is at ease from men . . .
> And belief overmasters doubt and I know that I know,
> And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within."

This is the life we need to-day in our colleges. A little before a recent visit to one of our great universities, an influential student of the university was in my office and I asked him what needed to be said. "Well," he replied, "I think the great need at —— is for men to quit straddling, to get down off the fence, to come out into the clear." And the universal need is for men of robust personal independence, of fearless moral conviction, of contempt for the sheep slavery of the crowd, for men of integrity, purity, and strength,—with a margin.

You will find the ideal in Colonel Henderson's *Life of Stonewall Jackson.* It is in the account of his cadet days at West Point. "Jackson paid no heed," says his biographer, "to the traditionary code of etiquette. His acquaintances were chosen regardless of standing, as often from the class below him as from his own. And in yet another way, his strength of character was displayed. Towards those who were guilty of dishonorable conduct, he was merciless

almost to vindictiveness. He had his own code of right and wrong, and from one who infringed it he would accept neither apology nor excuse." Perhaps you think this is a little fierce. I think it is, but one great need of our Christian life is for more of this stern and severe and Christlike fierceness. But we can not call vindictiveness ideal and probably Stonewall Jackson, severe though he was, was never really vindictive. But if we want the strength without the fierceness, we can find it in the noble lines of Mrs. Kingsley's dedication of her exquisite biography of her husband.

"To the beloved memory of a Righteous Man
Who loved God and truth above all things.
A man of untarnished honor—
Loyal and chivalrous—gentle and strong—
Modest and humble—tender and true—
Pitiful to the weak—yearning after the erring—
Stern to all forms of wrong and oppression,
Yet most stern to himself—
Who being angry, yet sinned not . . .
Who lived in the presence of God here,
And passing through the grave and gate of death
Now liveth unto God for evermore."

Who follows in his train?

PROGRESS AND PATIENCE

The Value of a Sense of Failure

I do what many dream of all their lives,
—Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
Who strive—you don't know how the others strive
To paint a little thing like that you smeared
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,—
Yet do much less, so much less, Someone says,
(I know his name, no matter)—so much less!
Well, less is more, Lucrezia: I am judged.
There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and can not tell the world.
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.
The sudden blood of these men! at a word—
Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too.
I, painting from myself and to myself,
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame
Or their praise either. Somebody remarks
Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
His hue mistaken: what of that? or else,
Rightly traced and well ordered; what of that?
Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?
Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

—Browning, "*Andrea Del Sarto.*"

V

PROGRESS AND PATIENCE

Christian character is a living thing. Everything that is Christian is alive. And the indispensable sign of life is growth. Among the essentials of Christian character, accordingly, we must place the principle of change, of progress into ever larger life. We ought repeatedly to confront ourselves with the inquiry, Am I a better and stronger man than I was?

Is this a living question with us? There are some whose consciences are not in the least exercised over it. They are satisfied with what they are, and see no reason why they should be distressed because they are not better, or be anxious to find out how they may become better. Or they are satisfied with wishes to be better, without any real progress each year in actual improvement of character. The first condition of progress toward the highest is a deep sense of the duty of advancement. We must believe that we must become better. That is what the Christian life is, a life of steady progress and growth. We are bidden to move on in it from elementary things, such "first principles," as the writer of the Letter to the Hebrews called them, as repentance

from dead works and faith toward God, and to keep our faces set toward perfection. Each year, accordingly, we ought to be asking ourselves: "Am I really better than I was? Have I more self-control, more patience and sympathy? Do I think more often and more lovingly of God? Am I more kind and unselfish and helpful and tender? Do I do my work with more ease and power? Am I quicker to obey God and do the duty He assigns, and more responsive and tractable to His Spirit?" Are we making progress in these things? The first condition of doing so is to see that we must. The Pharisee was the best man of his time and the worst,—the worst because he was satisfied with not being a better man. The Publican was far inferior in character and usefulness, but he was a better man in the principle of his life, because he was discontented with himself and longed to be a better man. And the two contrary principles are as common in the Christian Church and out of the Christian Church to-day as they were in and out of the Jewish Church in the time of our Lord.

The Christian character must recognize the duty of ceaseless change. It must see that the best is an obligation, that the perfection which no man has is the thing which the man must have or die, or must have by dying. The ideal of perfection must claim him irresistibly. For a man not to see this argues some moral defect in him. Christian character is hunger for the highest.

"Ah my God,
What might I not have made of Thy fair world,
Had I but loved Thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another."

If we reject this claim of the highest or feel it slightly, we shall soon let go the higher, then the high. For nothing carries us from the low to the high but requires us in principle to go on from the high to the highest.

All strength is a conquering. It is an active power, not a passive possession. It is a rejection of the lower, a resolution of ascent, an arising to the far call of Christ. All great biographies are the lives of the seeking men, the men who are not content. "Make Thou my spirit," is their prayer, as it was Marshall Newell's, "Make Thou my spirit clear and pure as are the frosty skies." "If I cease becoming better," wrote Cromwell in his Bible, "I shall soon cease to be good." "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect:" says Paul, "but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: But this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in

Christ Jesus. Let us therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded: and if in any thing ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you." The very passage of time shows us the necessity of change, the transitoriness of things. If we do not move, God grips us in the sweep of his days and moves us. We are living souls, never twice the same, incapable of permanence. Our only choice is not as to whether we will change, but in what direction, into whose likeness. The soul's whole life is in progress, in the eternal search, the quest of the Grail.

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost in an endless sea—
Glory of virtue to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong,—
Nay but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on and still to be.

"The wages of sin is death; if the wages of virtue be dust
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove or to bask in a summer sky;
Give her the wages of going on and not to die."

This "going on" is the life of the soul. It is the essential thing in Christian character, which is not a possession of finished qualities, but a stern self-government under the will of God to the end of the widest service and an unending attainment.

We must believe that we ought to set out on this great journey, and we must believe also that we are able for it. Unless we can, and unless we believe that we can, how unworthy and unfaithful we are!

Samuel Daniel put this emphatically in his *Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland,* in lines twice quoted in Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection:*

> "Unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"

What we ought we are able for. If the task is infinite and endless, we shall be given infinite and endless strength for it. I knew a three-year-old girl who undertook to move a table which taxed all her strength. After a long struggle, her mother said to her discouragingly, "Baby, you can't move that table. It 's as big as you are." "Yes, I can," was the undiscouraged reply of the little girl, "I 'm as big as it is." Some men think their tasks are as big as they are. Other men realize that they are as big as their tasks. We can as Christian men. Nothing is set for us that we can not do by the grace of God. Even when we have no past successes to rely upon, when our ground of complaint is that we have so often failed and dropped back, that we may not hope to succeed and advance, we still can and must believe that we can. There are many reasons why we should still cherish such a great hope, but the one sufficient reason is that we are not making ourselves better. If we grow better it is simply because we have yielded ourselves to the grace and goodness of God. There is a new life within us, and that new life can and will work out the glorious end which God purposes for us. On an athletic team in one of our great

universities, some years ago, was a student whom all his fellows loved, and whose character, steadily developing in power and beauty, found its secret in his favorite Bible verse, which he read personally, "Being confident of this very thing, that he who began a good work in *me* will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ." That is the one sure reason we have for our hope of becoming truly better. And it is a help on the way, to accept by faith the fact of the new life within.

This, then, in the third place, is a real and practical help. We shall not go on our way toward the highest unless we trust the indwelling Spirit of God to do His part, that part of which Paul was speaking when he said: "It is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me: and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God." On the one side it looks natural enough. It is just as when we eat and breathe and exercise in the physical life. These processes are so natural that they conceal from us the miracle of life which depends upon them for its sustenance. And so in our higher life we fulfill as we may the conditions set before us, and it seems quite simple; but in reality, back of all that we do, God is doing the real work, ever moving supernaturally upon us and fashioning us into the likeness He hopes some day to see in us. God wants us to reach the highest, and is doing His best in us and with us to this end.

The fourth essential, then, is that we co-operate

with God in this, and throw our wills toward God and all pure and upper things. Perhaps our Christian life began with a great surrender; but whether it did or not, it is to consist of an experience of constant surrender to the highest. In our reading we ought to cut out of our lives all that hinders or holds us down, and read only what helps and uplifts. In our thinking we ought to bar out, if we can, or drive out if we can not bar out, all unworthy and lower thoughts, and think only on whatsoever things are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. In our conversation we ought to avoid what is silly and degrading, and speak of the truth which exalts and inspires. There are habits in the higher life as well as in the lower, and we grow best toward God when our souls have contracted the habits which promote growth of spiritual character. We shall make no headway toward the highest without Bible study and prayer.

And fifth, we must be obedient to our heavenly vision and to all simple duty. What light we see, we must follow. We must not be afraid to make changes in our lives. To-day is the time to do it. When we realize that a change should be made, we should make it without delay. Cutting out something that is wrong is a good beginning. Let us scrutinize our lives now. Perhaps we have some habit that should be exterminated. Begin with it at once. The first chance we have to do some hard thing we ought to seize. We rise step by step. And the per-

ception of an evil to be rooted out of our lives or a new and hard duty to be done, is a revelation of a new step awaiting us, to be taken fearlessly, as one step onward and upward to our goal.

Sixth, we must be watchful, to see what it is that we are doing, and what it is that is waiting to be done. Much bad behavior is due to indifference, to a want of attention. The evil things get done because they manage to elude notice. We ought not to take the morality of our conduct for granted. It ought to be examined and mercilessly judged by right standards. To this end we ought to be measuring ourselves by Christ, and asking ourselves: "Is this course of conduct which I have followed the highest after all? Ought I not to be less contented with myself? Wherein, judged by Christ, ought I to be better than I am?" In the matter of our amusements are we sure there could be no advancement of taste and practice, that would lift them nearer to the purity of Christ?

Once more, we ought to have some true friends with whom we can talk freely, who will not hesitate to criticise us, showing us our failings and mistakes. Even if we have no such human friends, we have our Lord, to whom we can go with everything, and who will faithfully search us if we will let him, and expose us to ourselves.

The exposure of a man to himself by Jesus Christ is far safer than the man's own introspection. The earnest Christian man is often his own worst tor-

turer. I can not illustrate the peril of such torture as contrasted with Christ's exposure, better than by quoting a letter received not long ago from a student in one of our Eastern universities. "I have decided to write to you only after long hesitation. I have felt for a long time that perhaps you could solve the intricate problem of my life and put me on the right track. Perhaps you noticed this quotation from John Kelman in the Northfield calendar:

> 'Many people have got hold of arguments that seem to them entirely sufficient, and yet they can not swing themselves clear of uncertainty, and come into a faith that will satisfy their souls. Many seem to lack power to believe, as if they had been mesmerized into a paralytic way of thinking, as if some inertia had come over them, an evil breath in which they could not speak their hearts out, and as if they were living in bondage to a great fear.'

It states my position better than I could ever do; but right there, with aggravating incompleteness, the quotation ends. We are not told where the fault, the inconsistency is, and I want to ask you, if you will, to point some sure path out of the bewilderment in which those people Mr. Kelman writes about (of whom I fear I am one) are lost. A man who is hypnotized has not the power to shake off the hypnosis, nor even to appeal to the hypnotizer for release. Where does the salvation of the morally hypnotized lie? I do n't want vague general answers, but definite, *practicable* counsel from your own experience. I come of a good old orthodox family in

New England. I inherit a dislike for all the modern 'stumbling blocks,' dancing, the Sunday newspaper, smoking, etc., though my twentieth century reason tells me they are sane and legitimate pleasures. I go to Northfield summer after summer, in July and August, hear all the speakers and believe all they say, and resolve to inculcate their ideals in my daily life. Then I descend from mountain top to valley, and while the mental machinery of belief, so to speak, remains, the engine has stopped pumping, the heart has gone clean out of it. I realize then that where I thought I at last had 'got religion,' I was only in a transitory state of fervid emotion, that stimulated my imagination while it never touched the vague, deathless germ of doubt down underneath all,—the doubt that tells me I may awaken to-morrow and find that the whole business of religion was a grand world-fiction, a chimera born of the necessity of the soul to worship and revere. Very likely you are smiling at my childishness. Perhaps you think I am writing for effect, or am rather boastfully seeking to show that I, like many great men of the past, am a doubter. But from the bottom of my soul I despise the doubting, questioning, faithless man. I have a wistful admiration for men like old Sir Thomas Browne, who longed for yet greater mystery and uncertainty in the universe, that he might transcend it gloriously with his unconquered faith. I admire the same quality in my own friends, in ———, whose life breathes the very spirit and purpose of the Christ, in ———,

who last year puzzled with me over many of these questions, but who has now left me far, far behind.

"But it seems as though I had been somehow left out of it all, *for I can not bring Christ into my own life,* much as I feel the need of Him there at every point and juncture. You will probably tell me to pray, but I have prayed and prayed till the prayers died on my lips for shame of my hypocrisy. Here I was alone in the room, a loneliness I could feel and know, talking idiotically off into space. It was, as you said last summer, like going up against a stone wall, but I have not found developing in me that subtle, super-sense of things unseen, that you said would follow upon continued prayer. I decided long since to be a minister,—would be a missionary if my heart were not so weak I could never pass an examination,—but what a spectacle of a hypocrite I will be, preaching from the pulpit platitudes and generalities and Biblical exegeses, when in my heart of hearts I know all the time that my life is not informed and transformed by the Spirit of Christ. I see how that wonderful influence has worked marvelously down the ages in the world's history. I recognize its power in lifting the moral lepers and pariahs, the McAuleys and the Hadleys, to a new and redeemed life. I see that only through Christ can come enduring peace and joy, deliverance from the hell of unrest and uncertainty that my life since its (this may seem incredible, but it is true) seventh year, has been. One trouble with me is that in a way Paul

never dreamed of, I am 'all things to all men.' I am dangerously responsive to the personality and belief of the person I chance to be with. There seem to be elements of my complex character that correspond to the individuality of each man I chance to be with. In the presence of a strong Christian, all my readiness of belief gets into action, my better nature is summoned to the surface, I yearn with him to see the world saved for Christ. But if, an hour later, I am talking with an agnostic, I have to admit that after all, we know nothing, that the curtain of death is stretched before the world, and no one knows what lies beyond, men can only speculate and believe and hope, and scarce two men believe alike; that not a dozen men of my acquaintance really take their religion very seriously and are burning with zeal to save their 'lost' friends from everlasting damnation, but are rather content in living an average, well-meaning life, and exerting no effort to rescue the perishing. If Christ's promises are living realities, why does n't his transmuting power take hold and work powerfully on all men who try to accept him, and not on a few isolated ones here and there? Why are n't more of us among the mighty men, since grace is abounding and full and free to all? Why are not all Christians 'regenerated'—whatever that process involves? I have only begun to speak out what is in my heart, and has long been yearning to utter itself, and I know I have n't made my position clear, but I seem to have no position. I believe everything

and nothing. My life is a paradox that I contemplate with hopeless wonder, and I wonder if I am doomed to this always. Forgive the egotism of this letter, and do n't please think one word is not sincere, or that I would have burdened you with all this raving if it were not that I could not keep it back, and there is always the hope that I may find what I have been honestly, but futilely, seeking for all my life—the *boundless peace of Christ.* Do n't answer if you are too busy. I shall understand."

I sent him in reply eight suggestions as to how a conscientious but unsatisfied man may find freedom and peace of heart:

"1. Think about Jesus Christ and not about yourself.

2. Do the sort of things for other people that you would do if you loved them.

3. Do not ever talk of yourself or boast or seek praise or pity. Remember the rules of Archbishop Benson: 'Not to call attention to crowded work or petty fatigues or trivial experiences. To heal wounds which in times past my cruel and careless hands have made. To seek no favor, no compassion; to deserve, not ask for tenderness. Not to feel any uneasiness when my advice or opinion is not asked, or is set aside.'

4. Do with absolute faithfulness every duty.

5. Rejoice at all the good you see in others and all the honors they achieve, and admire all that is admirable in all things.

6. Counteract all beginnings of evil, whether of thought or of act, by some positive thought or deed of good.

7. Do not do evil, thus avoiding remorse, and will to love, thus winning peace.

8. Do not be impatient. Go on coveting the best and highest, but remember that time is necessary for all things—

to separate us from all past failure and shame and to bring us to the goal, and remember that it will be unconsciously, probably, that we shall draw nearer to it.

> 'One prayed in vain to paint the vision blest,
> Which shone upon his heart by night and day.
> But homely duties in his dwelling pressed,
> And hungry hearts that would not turn away,
> And cares that still his eager hands bade stay.
> The canvas never knew the pictured Face,
> But year by year, while yet the vision shone,
> An angel near him, wondering, bent to trace
> On his own life the Master's image grown
> And unto men made known.'"

But the lesson of patience is hard to learn. Men realize that progress is necessary and to be secured only by struggle. They struggle, accordingly, but they soon make failure. Then they are prone to lose heart and to think that there is no place for them in the company of those who succeed. But there is no line of division cutting men into two classes, those who succeed and those who fail. We may sometimes say that some men succeed better than others, or, speaking more accurately, some do not fail quite as badly as others; but we know perfectly well that all these men belong to the same class, that in which Paul says he is standing when he declares, "I count not myself yet to have apprehended." All fail. Men are not differentiated by failures but they are divided into three very distinct and clearly marked groups, determined by the attitude which they take toward their unattainment and their failure.

There are, first of all, the men who deny that they

have failed, and who are quite satisfied with what they regard as their success. There are, second, the men who admit that they have failed, and who are disheartened by it, and purpose to relinquish the struggle; and there are, third, the men who admit that they have failed and have not attained, but who take from their own consciousness of unattainment fresh courage and resolution as to the future.

All of us know representatives of these three groups. We are acquainted with the man who is perfectly contented with what he has succeeded in doing. I knew a man once who could drive a golf ball further than any other living man, who could sing better than any other man, who could play polo and cast a fly better, who could make a better recitation in physics than any other man, who could drop more goals, and from a more distant line, than any one else. As a matter of fact, he never did any of these things, but there was always some perfectly valid reason for it. He was just a little off his game, or he was out of practice a trifle, or he was not really trying, or he was having mercy on the other man, who would feel badly if he was beaten. The consequence was that he never accomplished any of the things that he was entirely satisfied that he could accomplish if he wanted to. There are many men with this constitutional self-content, who have never understood what it was to be dissatisfied with their lives. Sometimes we are disposed to envy them. But we are wrong. The child who is born into poverty,

but with the blessing of a great sense of personal need, is vastly less to be pitied than the man who is born into an affluent and comfortable home, but with no sense of personal unattainment or incompleteness of life. We meet men constantly who belong to this first class, out of a certain sheer optimism or a blind ignorance of what life and its ideals really are; but for the most part, men fall into this class because they make the supreme and common mistake of identifying their ideals with their attainments. Whatever they succeed in doing, that is all that could be expected of them. If they manage to hit off something, that is their future ideal. Or they look around at the men about them, and they take up the average notion of morality, the average notion of character, the average notion of discipline in will, and they make these average attainments of men the ideals of their lives.

Is there one of us unfamiliar with this type and temper of human character? We see it often in preachers. Here is a preacher who never preaches a sermon with which he is not satisfied. He comes down from the pulpit and expects the people to tell him what a fine achievement it was, and goes home in bubbling self-congratulation over what he did. You can usually discriminate that man from this other man who never succeeds in doing the thing that he wants to do, who never speaks without feeling shame and contrition for the imperfection of his work. And the simple difference between them is

that the first man is judging his life by his attainments as his ideals, and the second is ruling his life by the ideals that he has not yet attained, and to which he hopes, through whatever struggle or agony of soul, some day to come.

There are great religions that separate themselves from one another precisely at this point. When Wu Ting Fang was in this country, he often remarked on this as the fundamental distinction between Christianity and Confucianism. To his mind it was an advantage in Confucianism, that it set before men the practicable thing, that its ideals were human attainments, while Christianity had made, as he deemed it, the stupendous blunder of setting before men as the thing that was required of them an impracticable ideal. Mr. Wu Ting Fang saw with his customary acuteness, though his moral judgment on the matter differed from ours, the real essential distinction between the Christian view and every other view in the world. Our view challenges us to rule our lives, not by the things that can be easily done, but by the things that we are not yet able to do; to judge our lives not by our best attainments, but by the dreams of what some day we may hope to attain; and the crime of Christianity is not to fail, but to aim low, or not to aim at all.

All of us meet also those who belong to the second class, made up of the men who admit that they have failed and who are discouraged by it. As a matter of fact, no man always does his best. He

may think that he does at times, but he knows in his best hours that he never has succeeded in doing so. Again and again he falls short. Never can he say, looking back over any given time, or at any effort, "I have done the best of which I am capable." We often console ourselves by saying that we have. That was what "Manny" Holabird used to say. When the game was over and his team whipped, "Well, fellows," he would say, "we did our best anyhow." Nobody knew better than "Manny" that they had not done their best, but that was his way of cheering men up to try it over and to see if the next time they could not come a little nearer to doing their best than they had done the time before.

As a matter of fact, the best man never does his best. That was the agony of the life of Paul; he never realized his ideals. He looked back over his life, and always saw something that he had not succeeded in doing. He had seen something in the seventh heaven that he could not speak to men; there was always something in his ideal for his work that he could not fully realize in the performance. Again and again he flings his grammar aside, in his attempt to get at some great truth that he is feeling for, and can not put so that men to whom he speaks will take hold of the great thing that has flashed with the brilliancy of the sunlight before his own mind, but can not be crowded into speech. It must have been the perpetual pain of the life of Paul that he never did his best.

We never do our best. If at any given moment in our lives we have thought that we have done so, the very act of doing our best has discovered to us that we were mistaken. It is like a man climbing hills. He sees a steep hill in front of him, and says, "Now when I reach the top of that, my climb will be done;" and, lo! the top of that hill shows him a higher one just beyond that was hidden to his view before; and he climbs that second one, and, lo! beyond it reaches range after range that the second hill had hid from sight. The very act of a man's once doing his best is the creation of a whole brood of new ideals for him; henceforth he dreams in larger dreams. The fact of that one victory has given him the possibility of conceiving greater victories yet for his life, and he lives forever as he lives truly in the knowledge that he never will do his best.

In the face of these facts, some say, "Well, if a man can not hope always to do his best, and if the truer man he is the less he can hope ever to do his best, what is the use in trying at all? Is there any peace in ever climbing up the climbing wave?" There are hundreds of men whom we know, some of them here in our own breasts, within the range of our personal life, who, as they have confronted the inevitable unattainment of a true life, are discouraged by it, and are disposed to abandon the whole effort to attain. I have two objections to make to that course in myself and in other men.

In the first place, it is not manlike for a man

to give up the struggle simply because he knows that in certain particular crises his enemies will be too much for him. We would scorn to belong to an athletic team which would never challenge anybody whom it could not whip. One of the most exhilarating experiences I ever had was in a meeting in a Western college several years ago, when the football team had been unmercifully thrashed for about two months and had just about lost its heart and was disposed to cancel the rest of its games. The college had only about three hundred students, a third of whom were young women, and of the men a good proportion were little boys in the academy. This reduced the number of available men to eighty or ninety; and they were playing against big State Universities which had a thousand or more men to choose from. I did not wonder that they were tempted to be a little discouraged. A college meeting was called to consider the matter, and this was the way it was put: "Now, fellows, this is just the whole core of the thing: We can not expect to develop here out of sixty or seventy men the kind of teams that can be developed up at ——— or over in ———; we have not the material to do it with; and if we propose to run ourselves on the principle that we will play only when we can win victories over our opponents, we might just as well go out of this business altogether. But if we will go into this thing with the full understanding that the best victories men can win, are the victories they win over themselves, we can get a repu-

tation out here in the West, maybe not for winning games over others, but for being the gamest set of men to be found out here. If we will stop this business of depending on the enthusiasm of the throats, and rely a little bit more on the enthusiasm of the square jaw, we can do here the thing that we can do, which is all that can be expected of us." As he spoke the iron came back into their blood, and the true spirit of a man re-awoke in those students, as they realized that life was given us not that in it we might win victory over our foes, but that in it we should win victory over ourselves.

You may remember the incident, in one of Zack's Yorkshire stories, of the Yorkshire man who got sick of his life and went out one moonlight night, and rigged up his gun in the woods, and put the muzzle of it against his head, and was about to push the trigger with his toe, when something stirred in his heart. He looked up and saw the moonlight filtering down through the leaves, and he kicked his gun into the thicket, and drawled: "Naw, I 'll not do it. There 's zummat in me aside the dog. I 'll live game and zee it through;" and he went back to live his life game and see it through. Howsoever many the difficulties that assail me as I dream my dreams and try to realize them in my life, I am no man if I will not live game and see it through.

I object to surrender, in the second place, because it is not Christlike. What difficulties Jesus Christ had to contend against in making Himself what He

wanted to be, we can not say; what conflict went on in Him before that divine life subdued the human life in which it was encased. The temptation gives us some strange and mysterious insight into it, but no man of us can ever fathom the depth of its meaning. But we can understand something of what Christ wrestled with in His outside circumstances. What He was attempting to do, and the odds that rose up against Him and met Him, would have made a mere man sure that the thing could not be done. He dreamed His dream of a Christian Church, of the fine type of character it was to beget, of everything it was to do in the world, and he had eleven or twelve heavy, clod-born men out of a little obscure province of the Roman Empire with whom to begin, with whom to lay the foundations, or in whom to plant the finest conceptions that ever broke on the soul of man. Did Jesus Christ say, "I shall never get My dream accomplished in these men?" Did He say, "I shall never get this great fellowship to which I strive, set up here in this heavy, sin-clogged world?" Never! He dreamed His dream and He lived for it without dismay, and we are neither like Him nor like our best selves if, standing face to face with failure, the reality of which we must admit, we say, "Well, let us give it up and stop."

That was not the attitude of Paul, who stands forth as a representative of the men who admit that they have failed, who realize that they have not attained their ideals, but who find in that con-

sciousness a great exhilaration and joy. "Brethren," he says, "I count not myself yet to have apprehended." I do not see there any wail or lamentation. It seems to me there is the undertone of a great gladness in Paul's words, as though he said: "I am thankful I have not worked my way through to the other side of God. I am thankful I have not reached beyond my ideals, so that instead of shining as stars in my skies they are dust beneath my feet. Brethren, I count not myself yet to have apprehended. This one thing I do, forgetting the unattainments and the failures that are behind, and stretching forth unto the possibilities that are before, I press on toward the mark for the prize of the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus."

He realized that the very joy and paradox of life lie in the delight that we find in our consciousness of our unattainment of the best. I do not say that there is virtue in failure, but there is virtue and power in discovering that you have failed. There is no glory in not having attained, but there is a glory in being conscious that we have not attained, and that there is something better and more splendid yet before life to be reached. And it is a far greater thing to fail in attempting a great thing than it is to succeed in attempting some small and pitiful thing. It is so in truth. It is better, as Dr. Parkhurst said once, for a man to be overwhelmed by a great truth than to overwhelm a small truth. It is more satisfying to a man to be unable to take in all of some noble divine

thought and stand baffled before it, than to be wholly able to take in some petty, microscopic fact and feel that he is sovereign of that little fact. Surely it is a greater thing to fail a bit in trying to take in God than to succeed in dissecting a bug. In India there are hundreds of men who write after their names, "Failed B. A.," "Failed M. A." That means that they tried for the degree of bachelor or master of arts and did not get it. To be sure they are not as well satisfied as if they could drop the "Failed," but they are far better satisfied than the man who can not even say, "I tried for it." They go out into the world conscious at least that they were counted worthy to make the effort to succeed, and that they made that effort.

> "For thence,—a paradox
> Which comforts while it mocks,—
> Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
> What I aspired to be,
> And was not, comforts me."

Even if I did not succeed yesterday in keeping every evil thought out of my mind, I am glad I tried; and if I did not succeed this morning in seeing all the vision for which my heart hungered, I am glad at least that I knelt down and sought after it. We have begun to enter into the real delight and joy of our living only when we realize that the best of life is that part that is yet to be, what we have not yet attained, what, once we have attained it, God in His goodness will make us discontented with, and set us

on after the yet better things. "I count not myself yet to have apprehended; I press on"—and note Paul's words, "I press on toward the mark;" not "of the prize of the high calling," but "of the upward calling," as the Greek says. It is a progressive word. The mark never stands still. Paul knew perfectly well that when he had arrived, the goal would not be there; it would have moved on a little distance. The upward calling of God in Christ Jesus will not end until we come out on the other side of eternity. When will that be? We condemn ourselves to the life of utter despair and hopelessness, and shut ourselves out of the true joy and exhilaration of living, if we can not say with Paul, "We have not yet attained, but we follow after." Indeed it is this consciousness of imperfectness that in Paul's view constitutes perfect-mindedness. "I have not attained," he says; "as many of you as are perfect be like-minded."

This sense of unattainment is necessary, to save a man's ideals for him. A little while ago we received a letter in our office from a man out on the Pacific Coast. He was offering himself for missionary service, and this is actually what he wrote:

"I have entirely consecrated my life to the Savior's work, by denying myself, and taking up my cross and doing whatsoever He wants me to do. My spiritual gifts consist of the Grace of God, the precious one of His eternal presence in my heart, mind, soul, and body. Being baptized fully and completely with the Holy Spirit, the Holy Ghost, and Comforter, I have also received power of speech and

utterance, with clear enunciation. I am prepared with it, and the sustaining power of the omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, pure and holy Jehovah, to do His good will wherever I go. My intellectual abilities consist of a higher English collegiate education. Am a graduate of the oldest dental college in the world. This knowledge I could use successfully in the relief and cure of pain, when in the work. My physical health is good and strong, and can endure hardship cheerfully. Being patient under trials and difficulties, I believe I am ordained and consecrated by God and His Holy Son to be set apart for His Holy work. I feel that I am fully qualified to enter the work you may require of me."

Now what can you do for a man like that? Is there any hope left for such a man, whose ideals have sunk clear down into the tarn of his own plain and commonplace life? He sees no dreams who measures his life in this way. The only way in which we can keep our ideals alive is to believe that they have not yet been attained, and that they wait for us beyond the sunset until we come to them, when they will wait for us in the evening glow of the sunset just beyond.

As the sense of unattainment is necessary in order to save our ideals; it is necessary in order to save our characters also. Read through the life of Paul, and I think you will find that one great human secret of his influence was this sense of lowliness, of modest right perspective. He never for a moment slips over into that realm where self-boasting would rob him of his influence with men. "Brothers," he says, "I count not myself

to have apprehended." One purpose of that letter was to discover to the Philippians some defects in their own lives. Read it from that point of view, and you can see the tact with which Paul attempts to show the self-satisfied people in the church how far they were from having any grounds for such self-satisfaction; and in the middle of his statement he puts this tactful declaration about himself. "You need not think," he says, "that I am judging you by any different standards from those by which I judge myself. I am no perfect man. I have not attained yet."

Many Christians refrain from doing personal work because they think it would make them seem like Pharisees. "We are no better," they declare, "than the men we try to reach, and if we went to them and said, 'Now, my friend, won't you come to Christ?' they would look at us and say: 'You are not any better than I am. Why are you talking to me in this way?'" Paul never fell into any such error of personal perspective as that. He did not say to men: "I have succeeded where you have failed. Come and be like me." He said: "O men, we have all failed together. I do not count myself to have apprehended any more than you have; but this is the thing that I am doing; can you not do it, too? Can't you see that it is the only worthy thing to do? Forgetting the failures that are behind, I stretch forward to the things that are before."

It is this same sense of unattainment that is necessary to center a man on God. That man who

thinks he can do everything perfectly has no need of God in his life. He is his own little god. But it is when the man has realized how incomplete, unfashioned, ragged, and rough his life is, that he is flung back to rest on God. You know the lines in Martin Luther's great hymn, in which he says that if we did "in our own strength confide, our struggling would be losing." It is because we have "the right Man on our side, the Man of God's own choosing," and lean on His strength by the very sense of our unattainment, that we do the impossible thing. That is the principle that Joseph Mazzini puts in a profound saying of his in one of his essays, "The morrow of victory is more perilous than its eve." Our need is greatest when our sense of need is least. We realize this when any great conspicuous struggle of life is over, and we slip out into the old life again. We find that then, far more than in the supposed critical hour, we need the help of God and must lean on Him. The very peril of the hour that comes after victory is this: that in that hour men take the achievement of the victory as the ideal of their life, and rest upon themselves instead of upon God, on whom the man in the hour of his own conscious insufficiency and failure can not fail to lean. We see all this in the life of Jesus Christ. Why is it that again and again after the great crises of His life He goes off to pray? Because He knows that in those hours the temptation comes to man to lean down on what he has done, to make his past accomplishment the level of his future

effort, instead of being aware that now yet greater things are needed in his life and greater heights are to be climbed, and that he must center his life yet more deeply upon God.

We feel and enlarge our powers only against the resistance that breeds the sense of unattainment in us. It is only as I know that I have faced one of the limitations of my life, that the strength awakens to overcome it. The charges of failure in our lives, and now and then the consciousness of having failed, are God's best blessings to us, His challenge to us to move up to a new level of life. You remember the way this truth is flung at us in *Rabbi Ben Ezra:*

> "Then, welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
> Be our joy three-parts pain!
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang: dare, never grudge
> the throe!"

We should sink down into the life of the beast if it were not for the sting that now and then whips life into a new examination of itself, and challenges life to the larger and better achievements that are set before it in the metaphor of the cross.

The men who have made the great successes are often the men who had to fail a long time and be patient before at last success came. Eleven years ago there died at Tunbridge Wells a nearly forgotten old man, who was as good an illustration as any, of this

great class. "Sir Rowland Macdonald Stephenson," as the *London Spectator* of November 30, 1895, told his story, "had every reason as a young man to expect a large fortune and a political career, when a great family disaster compelled him to devote himself to active work. He had some knowledge,—not a great deal,—of civil engineering, and after serving for some time as secretary to an association for promoting steam communication with the East, he went to India, resolved to commence there a great system of railway enterprise. He besieged the officials, published pamphlets, wrote articles, collected engineering reports, and worried every one in power, until at last he found a statesman in Lord Dalhousie, who could understand the breadth of his plans. Backed by the whole force of the mighty Viceroy, whose conquest of the Punjab had made him absolute even over Anglo-Indian opinion, he returned to England, interested great capitalists in the cause, converted or coerced the Court of Directors, who were, we believe, afraid of the power which might accrete to a great 'Railway Interest' in India, and was appointed managing director of the East India Railway, the first and most important of the great lines. He returned to Calcutta, and there, with feeble health, no 'knowledge of the country' in the ordinary sense—he knew as little as Clive of any native language—he sat for years, rarely stirring out of his office, driving with the energy of five men the vast concern. There were difficulties with the Government, difficulties with the

native landlords, difficulties with the contractors, and twice, at least, any other man would have returned deadbeat; but Macdonald Stephenson never lost heart, or patience, or temper with any obstacle. As we have said, he knew little of engineering as an art; he wrote with a certain difficulty, in a queer snippety way; and he was a little intolerant of fools; but he had always a plan, always a man, and always, when dealing with officials, an infinity of persuasiveness. He became the very soul of the undertaking; every engineer under him—and he had one man of genius and many able men—knew he could rely upon support; and, however great the difficulties, he demanded that the work should get on;—that nobody should talk of impossibilities; that impracticable rivers should be bridged; that non-existent labor should be imported; that the indispensable class of minor contractors who did not exist, and could not be imported, should be created out of the ground (such a lot these latter were at first!—déclassé natives, shiftless Eurasians, drinking Europeans, broken nondescripts of all sorts, but all efficient slave-drivers, who gradually learned their work and got weeded out by degrees). Of course, with such a steam-motor behind, and Mr. Trumbull, the chief engineer, to do any impossible work, the road rolled on until at last it reached Delhi, and Sir Macdonald Stephenson returned home to be the guiding spirit of the Railway Board. He thought his work had only begun, for the dream of his life was not to found an Indian Railway system, but to

beat De Lesseps on his own ground and open a direct railway line from Calais to India; and with this object he interviewed, and as a rule conquered, nearly every statesman in Europe, including some very difficult Pashas; but the time was not ripe. There were international jealousies without end; capitalists shook their heads, and asked for impossible guarantees; and at last, we fancy, the energy of the irrepressible advocate of 'opening up' began to fail him. He possessed vitality, which carried him on to eighty-seven, and a passion for music that helped him to throw off all business cares; but he had sat twenty years in a steamy Calcutta office, doing work equal to that of a great Government, and it told on him in the end. He had begun rather late in life, too, for tropical work; he had made no fortune beyond a considerable life-annuity voted to him by his grateful company, and though he never abandoned his great project, and to the end of his active life kept up a brisk correspondence about it, he died of old age, without disease or pain, with his dream unfulfilled." But his work in India was a dream fulfilled and fulfilled after failure.

It is by failure that God sifts us out. Paul meant to embody something of this idea in his conception of the uses of tribulation. The word which he uses for tribulation is derived from the word θλίβω, to press, as grapes. The Vulgate uses the Latin word from which our word "tribulation" is derived. "Tribulation" was the act of separation of grain

from the husk, and the metaphor was caught up by some Christian writer, as Paul had used the metaphor of pressing the grapes, to indicate the separation of men by tribulations, threshings, or pressings; "of whatever in them was light, trivial, and poor, from the solid and the true," as George Wither wrote in the seventeenth century:

"Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,
Until the chaff be purgéd from the wheat,
Yea till the mill the grain in pieces tear,
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
So, till men's persons great affliction touch,
If worth be found, their worth is not so much,
Because like wheat in straw, they have not yet
That value which in threshing they may get.
For till the bruising flails of God's corrections
Have threshéd out of us our vain affections;
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
Are by Thy sacred Spirit winnowed from us;
Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,
Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away;
And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet more,
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire:
But then we shall; and that is my desire."

And so also Michael Angelo:

"As when, O Lady mine, with chiseled touch
The stone, unhewn and cold,
Becomes the living mold,
The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows;
So if the working of my soul be such

That good is but evolved by Time's dread blows,
The vile shell day by day
Falls like superfluous flesh away.
O! take whatever bonds my spirit knows:
And Reason, Virtue, Power, within me lay."

And God accounts what we tried, not what we succeed in. He measures life not by its attainments but by its ideals and the way it strove for them. This too, is in *Rabbi Ben Ezra:*

"But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instinct immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled
the man's amount:

"Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and
escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the
the pitcher shaped."

There is a world of comfort here for the man whose battle no one knows, whose defeat men see, but not the fierce conflict within, which issued in defeat. But God saw it all and He measures the man not by what he did but by what he tried to do.

I think it was the consciousness of his unattainment that gave to the life of Paul its splendid repose and reserve power. Of all the follies and the frivoli-

ties that ever dawned on the thought of man, it seems to me perfectionism is about the worst. How any man can twist his exegesis of the Scriptures, can twist his knowledge of human life around to such a point of view, passes my comprehension. Paul never for a moment let any such thought enter his mind. As he looks back over his life, it is this consciousness of incompleteness that gives it that solid reticence of power that all of us feel there. He remembers the day when he put Stephen to death, and it hangs about his life every hour, barring him against the lightnesses and frivolities that come into the soul of the man who has no conscious back shadows of failure in his life. I suppose Paul never lost from his memory that vision of Stephen's face. Frederick W. H. Myers speaks of it in his study of Paul's inner soul, suggesting that he had ever in his mind those faces of the men and women whom he sought and slew.

> "Ah! when we mingle in the heavenly places,
> How will I weep to Stephen and to you."

And in his new life the consciousness of continued unattainment was making him the man he was. He fought a great battle with sin. When he would do good, evil was present with him. He was conscious that he had not yet attained, and it made him an infinitely stronger and more powerful man.

> "Ay, and for me there shot from the beginning
> Pulses of passion broken with my breath;
> O, thou poor soul, enwrapped in such a sinning,
> Bound in the shameful body of thy death!

> " Well, let me sin, but not with my consenting,
> Well, let me die, but willing to be whole;
> Never, O Christ,—so stay me from relenting,—
> Shall there be truce betwixt my flesh and soul."

I think it was out of the agony and the pathos of his consciously defective devotion, that the greatest spiritual power of the Apostle Paul was born.

And lastly, it is this very sense of unattainment that is itself the prediction that some day we shall attain. The law of habit is a priceless comfort to a man. Though he seems to be failing, the real effort to succeed, repeated and repeated and repeated, is hardening into the stuff of character for him, and some day he will wake to find he has won where he had always lost. "We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone," says Professor James in his *Psychology*. "Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time!' Well! he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve-cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. Of course this has its good side as well as its bad one. As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and au-

thorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work. Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently between all the details of his business, the *power of judging* in all that class of matter will have built itself up within him as a possession that will never pass away. Young people should know this truth in advance. The ignorance of it has probably engendered more discouragement and faint-heartedness in youths embarking on arduous careers, than all other causes put together."

It may take a long time to acquire as a habit the realization of our higher ideals, but the time of acquisition will come to him who waits for it. The very possession of the ideal and the sense of its unattainment are guarantees of this. A man says to me there is no God, and I go off alone, and my heart says, "O my Father," and I hear His voice, "O my child," and I know that that hunger and the indubitable, though inaudible, response to it, are the assurance that what has been said to me is false. I dream my dream of the life that may be, and of the thing that can be done, and men say it is just a vision of my own thought and that no one ever has realized

it or ever can, but the fact that it lingers in my heart is the assurance that some day I shall see it face to face. The fact that we stretch after it with yearning proves to each man of us that the thing we have not is the thing that some day we shall have. The dream would not be there if some day, far away where the tints of evening lie, we shall not at last accomplish it and possess it as our own.

In the very hour when we realize most keenly how wide the chasm is that separates us from it, when our hearts rise up in strongest revolt against being numbered with those who have failed, and when yet despair tempts us to believe that the future will hold nothing better for us than the past, that is the very hour when the victory that opens the door to a new life is about to be won. You remember the scene in the sixth chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah. It was when the prophet had fallen down in the temple on his face, his mouth in his hand, and his hand in the dust, conscious that his life was rottenness, and evil, and wreck, when he cried out of his knowledge of his failure, "I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips," then, in the very hour when he saw most clearly of all the hours of his life how far short he had come, he heard the great voice. "Man, let Me touch thy lips; this is the hour of a new life to thee. Stand upon thy feet." And as out of the very depths of his consciousness of unattainment and flaw, Isaiah rose, he heard that alluring

voice, the most enticing voice that ever speaks to man,—more alluring and more enticing because it expects always that the man will know that it is for him though his name be not named,—"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and the man who knows that he has failed cries out of the very depths of his failure, and in the hour of it, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

If you and I will look out over our lives and will enter into Paul's spirit as he looked out over his life, with all its fine achievement, so much finer than any achievement of ours, and will say each of us: "My life, too, has fallen short; I have not yet apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting my last year, wherever and whatever it may have been, forgetting that, forgetting the last fortnight, forgetting everything that is behind, and stretching, as the racehorse strains himself in his course, unto the things that are before, I press on toward the mark for the prize of the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus," then we may be sure that some day we shall arrive. And what will it matter then that our path was strewn with failure and shortcomings, if only we stand secure in our victory at last?

"Safe home, safe home in port,
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sail, provisions short,
And only not a wreck,—
But they may smile upon the shore
Who tell their voyage perils o'er.

"The prize, the prize secure
The athlete nearly fell.
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well,—
But he may smile at trials gone,
Who lays the victor's garland on."

And yet that is not the right note. There is a Christian salvage of character such as this, but we are thinking of higher things, of a really victorious life, a life whose failures are failures of attainment, not of transgression, which has been, when it closes, the life of a conquerer and more,—triumphant, with a margin. "For we," says Paul, "are more than conquerers through Christ who loved us." So can we also be.

But "through Christ." As I close these lectures I would return to the truth which I pressed at the beginning. Jesus Christ is the only right ideal of character. He is also the only creator of right character. If we would be the men we ought, we must lay ourselves under His molding hand to be shaped and remade by Him. "If you will come to me," He is saying still to men, "I will take you and I will make you what you ought to be, what you can not otherwise become." We may put the matter in new theological phrases if we wish, but the old evangelical realities are still true. By Christ alone can life be delivered of its sin, from all the guilt and burden of it, felt deepest in proportion as men rise highest in the essentials of Christian character. In Christ alone can men find the new wills, the transformed

minds, the altered affections without which no new manhood can be. You can not depersonalize the adjective "Christian." It gets all its meaning from the historic Christ. He and not His message, not His Kingdom, not His Spirit, is the living fountain of the Christian faith and the Christian character. Whoever would be a man must learn his lesson and acquire his strength from THE MAN CHRIST JESUS.